

THE
RIVAL FATHER:
OR, THE
Death of ACHILLES.

A
TRAGEDY:

As it is Acted at the
NEW THEATRE
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

*Serva Briseis nives Colore
Movit Achillem. Hor. Ode 4. Lib. 2.*

— *Nil est ab Omni
Parte Beatum.*

Abstulit clarum cita Mors Achillem. Hor. Ode 16. L. 2.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM MEARS, at the *Lamb* ;
and THOMAS CORBETT, at *Addison's-Head* ;
both without *Temple-Bar*. 1730.

(Price 1 s. and 6 d.)

THE
RIVALRY

OF THE
GOLDEN AGE

THE
GOLDEN AGE

As it is now

THE
GOLDEN AGE



H. A. Y.

THE
GOLDEN AGE



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Printed for WILLIAM MARRAS, of the Press,
and THOMAS CORRISS, at the Press,
both without Temple, London.

(Printed and Sold)



A N

A P O L O G Y,

By way of

P R E F A C E,

To that Useful Branch of Literature,
the CRITICS.

GENTLEMEN,



YOU cannot be more desirous to reclaim a *vicious* Writer, than I am willing, and shou'd glory, to acquire the Reputation of a *correct* One; nor can you conceive a higher Opinion of the Usefulness of your Calling, than I do myself. Criticism, at first view, seems to carry with it the Name of *Ill-nature*; and it certainly is so, when unjustly made: but otherwise, I look upon it, as a *Specifick* to cure all Distempers in the Body of Writing; and that he, who rejects the Means of *Cure*, at first setting out, is in danger of becoming *Incurable*. For my part, GENTLEMEN, I am so far from thinking myself above the Prescriptions of your Art, that I shall with the utmost Pleasure receive and follow them. I know I must have err'd: this

is my first Essay ; that is, I am the very youngest and most unworthy of *Apollo's* Sons, and consequently the more liable to take a wrong Path. In order therefore to pursue a right One hereafter, I shall with all due deference, acquaint you, GENTLEMEN, how far I have vary'd from the Plan of *Monsieur Corneille* ; what Reason I had to introduce new Scenes ; what to alter, and what to omit others.

Monsieur Corneille keeps *Pyrrhus* on the Stage the whole first Act : I have found Business to take him off, lest leaving him entirely on, should make him become tedious to the Audience. He makes *Polyxena* conclude the Act : I have made *Pyrrhus* finish it ; because, as *Polyxena* is rais'd to some degree of Distress, at his Presence, in her last Speech of the Act, I thought she must have fal'n considerably from it to have remain'd on to versify : on the other hand, her going off, gives *Pyrrhus* room to make a suitable moral Reflection on his thinking her Credulity groundless.

Monsieur Corneille keeps *Achilles* likewise on the Stage all the second Act ; but I take him off, in order to repair to the Assembly of the Grecian Chiefs, waiting to treat with *Priam*. He makes a long Scene between *Briseis* and *Achilles*, only to influence him to a Peace with *Troy* : I have made *Achilles* mention her Request in the first Scene of the second Act which seems enough to inform the Audience that *Briseis* had made good her Promise to *Polyxena* in the first Act, without telling it over again in a heavy Scene. So that I don't make

make her appear till she enters with *Polyxena*, as well to acquaint *Achilles*, that the Assembly waited his Presence, as to revive and strengthen her Suit. On this, *Achilles* goes off, and they remain on to finish the Act, which entirely alters the Conduct of the whole, and I hope not to its Disadvantage.

In the third Act, Monsieur *Corneille* is guilty of the same Error with the two former Acts; *Pyrrhus* never leaving the Stage, which I have rectify'd, as before: but as to the fourth Act, it is conformable to his Plan.

In the fifth Act of Monsieur *Corneille*, *Achilles* does not appear at all, which I have avoided, he making the second Scene of this Act, proceeding to the Temple, not being willing that the Audience should lose sight of the Hero so long as near an Act and a half. The rest of the Act is agreeable to Monsieur *Corneille's* Conduct, except that he makes *Briseïs* end the Play, whereas, I take her off, and leave the Confidante of *Achilles* on, who brings the News of his Detach, to draw up the Moral of the Play, judging it more proper for him to moralize, than for one in *Briseïs's* situation,

As for the Unities of Time and Place, every one knows the Exactness of the *French* in that Point, so I shall not mention it as any Merit in me.

It may possibly be objected, that in the chief Characters of this Piece, I have only imitated Mr. *Philips's Distrest Mother*; but I must desire such Gentlemen to remember, that *La Mort d'Achille* of Monsieur *Corneille*, was
wrote

wrote some time before the *Andromache* of Monsieur *Racine*; tho' I shall not disown, that my Admiration, and the just Success of that Play, encouraged me to attempt this Performance.

If there be any Imitation, it is in that unaffected Simplicity of Style, which Mr. *Philips* recommends in these Words: " In all the
 " Works of Genius and Invention, whether
 " in Verse or Prose, there are in general but
 " three Manners of Style: The one Sublime
 " and full of Majesty; the other Simple, Natural and Easy; and the third, Swelling,
 " Forced, and Unnatural. An injudicious
 " Affectation of Sublimity is what has betray'd a great many Authors into the latter;
 " not considering that real Greatness in Writing, as well as in Manners, consists in an
 " un-affecting Simplicity."

Thus, GENTLEMEN, having given as exact an Account of the Conduct, at is incumbent on every one, who builds on the Foundation of another, I leave you to judge whether, or no, Monsieur *Corneille* has receiv'd any Embellishment from my Endeavours, when you shall compare the Diction, and the Working up of the Passions, by which the different Characters are agitated. However that be, my chief Vanity consists in your Indulgence.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a Friend. Spoke by Mr. Jones.

TO-Night, the Tragic Muse a Scene displays,
Not meant to captivate the Vulgar Gaze :
To Minds alone with Sense superior blest,
She humbly now presents a solemn Feast.

Corneille, Great Bard ! who will for ever shine
The foremost Genius in the Gallic Line ;
Corneille had this exalted, glorious View,
When first the Original his Pencil drew ;
Nor miss'd, by Nature guided, his high Aim ;
Nature, that points the surest Road to Fame.
The solid, easy, Grandeur of the Whole,
Gain'd o'er politeſt Taſtes a ſtrong Controul :
The Charm, by croud'd Audiences conſeſt,
Rul'd all the Empire of each gen'rous Breaſt.

The ſame illuſtrious Drama, hither brought,
Whence it firſt breath'd, and to ſpeak Engliſh taught,
Submiſſive, courts ſuch kind Attention now,
As Gaul's bright Sons vouchsaf'd an Age ago.
Our unskill'd Author too, who ne'er before
The Warrior's Truncheon graſpt, nor Buſkin wore,
Your Favour for his firſt Attempt t'engage,
Assumes, hard Task ! Achilles on the Stage.
To play Brifeis while Eliza deigns,
All will be Real, that ſhe only feigns.
'Twere needleſs on each Character to dwell,
Let Pyrrhus, his ſtern Rival-Father, tell.
When Polyxena's Griefs, heroic Maid !
Speak how her Country's Love her Paſſions ſway'd ;
How for its Sake her Soul cou'd all forego,
What Boſom will not catch the Patriot-Glow ?

Then Britons, for your Public-Spirit known,
Where-e'er appears the World-encircling Sun,
Vie with your neighbouring Nation's loud Applauſe,
And be as Sanguine for the Poet's Cauſe :
Shew you have Pow'r, and will that Pow'r exert,
And can, as well as they, reward Deſert.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Achilles.</i>	The Author.
<i>Pyrrhus, Son of Achilles.</i>	Mr. Mullart.
<i>Alcimes.</i>	Mr. William Hallam.
<i>Antilochus.</i>	Mr. Jones.

W O M E N.

<i>Polyxena, Daughter of Priam,</i> King of <i>Troy.</i>	} Mrs. Mullart.
<i>Briseïs, Captive Princess of</i> <i>Achilles.</i>	} Mrs. Haywood.
<i>Ilione.</i>	Mrs. Clark.
<i>Phenicia.</i>	Mrs. Jones.

Attendants.

SCENE, The Grecian Camp before *Troy.*

DEDICATION.



To the Right Honourable

B A P T I S T,
Earl of GAINSBOROUGH.

MY LORD,



ADDRESSES of this
Kind are generally wrote
in such a Manner, that
they may serve indiffe-
rently for any Noble Patron: The
Praises in them, are like the Goods
of Fortune, bestow'd without Di-

[a] stinction;

DEDICATION.

inction; and rather affront, than magnify True Merit. The Actions of the Deserving are their own best Encomiums; and Your LORDSHIP's vouchsafing to protect a Work, not only ill-fated in the World, but in itself, infinitely Unworthy of so glorious a Sanction, has something so peculiarly Great and Amiable in it, as discovers Your LORDSHIP a *GAINSBOROUGH* in *Soul*, as well as *Title*.

BUT how much soever *Praise* may be degenerated, or liable to the Censure of Flattery, *Gratitude* for Obligations, can never be thought Blameable; on the contrary, it marks the Honest Soul, and, in my Opinion, speaks the best Praise for Favours receiv'd. Those conferr'd on

DEDICATION.

on me by every Branch of Your LORDSHIP's Illustrious Family, are of such a Nature, as demand the utmost Acknowledgements: Permit me therefore, I beseech Your LORDSHIP, to gratify my Ambition, by avowing, I have receiv'd Favours from those, whose Favour is too Great a Glory to leave me any thing to wish, but a Capacity of deserving it, by something more than being,

*With the most profound Duty
and Submission,*

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Obliged,

Most Obedient,

And most zealously devoted Servant,

WILLIAM HATCHETT.

DEDICATION

on me by every branch of Your
Lordship's illustrious family, and of
such a nature, as demand the ut-
most Acknowledgment. Permit
me therefore, I beseech Your Lord-
ship, to signify my Affection, by
avowing I have received Favour
from those whose Favour is too
Great to Give, to leave me any thing
to wish, but a speedy delivery
is by nothing more than being

Written most Obediently

and Affectionately

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient

and Affectionate

and most ready Obedient

Wm. H. H. H.



THE
RIVAL FATHER:
OR, THE
Death of ACHILLES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Briseïs, Pyrrhus, Phenicia.

Briseïs.



AY be your Hope, young Prince, Success is sure :

Your Intercessor wants nor Pow'r, nor Will.

Achilles, fierce in all his dire Resolves,
Is yet susceptible of Love's soft Force ;

Nor can his Heart refuse *Briseïs* aught.

In vain, as you and all the *Greeks* can witness,

Good aged *Priam*, daily, hourly labour'd

To calm his Rage, and melt it into Pity.

In vain sad *Hecuba* besought, with Tears

And Gifts of Worth immense, the Corps of *Hector*.

Unshaken at the Complaints of Royal Woe,

He still remain'd Vindictive ! Unappeas'd !

But when by Friendship and Compassion mov'd,

I led the weeping *Polyxena* to him ;

B

No

No sooner had I spoke in her Behalf,
 Than all the Tempest in his Soul was quell'd.
 One Breath of mine in half a Moment gain'd,
 What was deny'd to a whole kneeling Empire.
 'Twas I propos'd the Truce, and strait you saw
 The War was hush'd, and suff'ring *Troy* had Re-
 spite ;

The Hero's Corps partook the sacred Rites ;
 And this *Achilles* mourn'd his awful Shade.

Pyrrh. After such Proofs how much his Soul is
 yours,

What can't the illustrious *Briseïs* do ?
 When her all-pow'rful Charms vouchsafe to plead,
 The most Insensible refuse no more :
 Fate and her mighty Conqu'ror she subdues ;
 And 'stead of yielding, makes them both her Slaves.
 'Tis on this wond'rous Pow'r I build my Hopes.
 Too much of War the weary'd *Greeks* have known ;
 Too much of Blood has been already shed ;
 Oh ! let not then the dreadful Scene return !
 To you we owe the Truce ; let lasting Peace
 Be now your Care ; and to make firm the League,
 Let *Polyxena*, that dear heav'nly Maid !
 Be giv'n to *Pyrrhus*. — *Achilles* knows too well
 The eager Throbbings of a Heart in Love,
 To hear, unmov'd, the Suff'rings of a Son.
 'Spite of his native Fierceness, still he owns
 The tender Names of *Father*, and of *Lover* ;
 Nor can resist the soft'ning Pleas of *one*,
 When fair *Briseïs* joins to urge the *other*.
Priam, who weeps a Son in slaughter'd *Hector*,
 Will find another in accepting me.

Bris. If that were all th' offended Gods requir'd,
Priam, 'tis probable, would give Consent ;
 But Prince ! reflect what first began the War,
 And brought your hostile Fleet to *Ilium's* Shore :
 The Rape of *Helen* ! — Will the *Greeks* return,
 And leave the Prize of ten Years tedious Toil ?

Will

The Death of ACHILLES.

3

Will *Menelaus* at last renounce her Charms?
Forget his Wrongs, and with th' injurious *Paris*,
Seal vile Conditions to his own Dishonour?
No! Let not Love inspire a Hope so vain:
That fatal Beauty must be render'd back,
E'er the destructive Steel will lose its Edge.

Pyrrh. T'appease the *Greeks*, what dare they now
refuse?

Hector no more; *Troy*, left without Defence,
Must fall of course at the next furious Onset.
While thus the Populace, confus'd, repine,
Gain but *Achilles*, and I've nought to fear:
'Tis that must make your Happiness and mine.
The War concluded, Love and Fortune join
To crown your Wishes with united Blessings;
Devote the Hero wholly to your Charms;

And deck your Beauties with the Rays of Empire,
Bris. His Love alone's sufficient for my Glory:
To rule his Heart, is to be more than Queen.—
But tell me, Prince! What Progress have your Vows
Made in the Mind of *Priam's* beauteous Daughter?
For tho' I prize your Virtues, and would wish
Your Aim successful; yet I must avow,
So much her Tears and hapless Fate have mov'd me,
I cou'd not add to the Distress she suffers,
By aiding aught wou'd force her Inclination.

Pyrrh. 'Twou'd be too vain perhaps to say she
loves;

But sure I am, not Scorn has met my Passion.
Captiv'd and led to *Troy*, 'twas there I first
Beheld the lovely Princess, and became
Doubly a Slave: more by her Eyes subdu'd,
Than by the Force of her great Brother's Arm.
By Sighs a while I spoke the Infant Flame;
But when the soft Confusion in her Looks,
Declared she knew, and had indulg'd their Meaning,
My Tongue the Wishes of my Soul unfolded.
Nor she, nor *Priam*, did reject my Suit;

B 2

My

My Freedom was restor'd ; and ransomless;
 You may remember I return'd to th' Camp.
 Charm'd with my late Success, I fought *Achilles*,
 When, sad Reverse ! I found him arm'd for Battle ;
 Breathing Revenge, and meditating Horror.

Bris. Spoke you not then of *Polyxena* to him ?

Pyrrh. 'Twas not, alas, a Time ! — Fury alone
 Fill'd all his Thoughts, and left no room for Pity :
 His much-lov'd Friend *Patroclus* was no more.

All seem'd too little to appease his Ashes :
Hector, he swore, should first be sacrific'd,
 And then to keep the thirsty Sword unsheath'd,
 Till *Ilium's* Tow'rs were levell'd with the Dust,
 And the parch'd Soil grew rich with Heroes Blood.
 Th' Event in part fulfils this dread Resolve :

Hector expiring not assuag'd his Wrath ;
 Thrice, as tho' glorying in the Deed, he dragg'd
 His Corps, disfigur'd, round the Walls of *Troy*.

Bris. Oh, the Remembrance shocks my very Soul !

Pyrrh. Nor had his Rage here ceas'd uncalm'd
 by you :

More wofull Spectacles had yet been seen ;
 But thank the Gods, and you, the Storm's allay'd :
Achilles, to repair his former Rashness,
 Resigns, since yesterday, his Tent to *Priam* ;
 Raises a sumptuous Tomb for *Hector's* Body,
 And well atones his too disastrous Fate.
 'Tis hard to say which most is in extreme ;
 His Friendship or his Rage.

Bris. You then had a Pretence
 To see again fair *Polyxena* ?

Pyrrh. I had ;

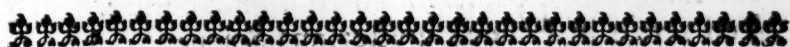
But the yet flagrant Loss engross'd her Mind ;
 Repell'd the Dictates of my struggling Passion ;
 And forc'd me to observe religious Awe.
 Yet while her sadden'd Eyes incessant stream'd,
 I saw a Ray of kindling Love break thro'

The Death of ACHILLES.

The gather'd Clouds of Grief to chear my Soul,
And spoke her still the same unalter'd Maid.

Bris. Prince, 'tis enough: I've done with my
Objections.

Depend on Peace, if *Priam* not protracts it,
By list'ning longer to the Sighs of *Paris* —
But see! your Friend—*Antilochus* approaches.



SCENE II.

Briseis, Pyrrhus, Phenicia, Antilochus.

'Anti. My Lord! *Ulysses*, on Affairs of Moment,
Would hold Discourse with you; and waits your
Coming

In his own Pavillion.

Pyrrh. I attend him.

Madam! I will no further urge my Cause:
Think, next to Heav'n, you're Mistress of my Fate

Bris. Go, Prince! and if you learn aught that
concerns

The Interest of *Troy*, be swift t' impart it.



SCENE III.

Briseis, Phenicia.

Phen. Never did Love and War more blend their
Forces:

'Midst all the Horrors of the purpled Field,

The *Grecian* Chiefs dissolve in soft Desires,

And *Ilium* triumphs o'er 'em in her turn:

Gaining by *Beauty*, what by *Arms* she loses.

Bold *Diomede* to *Cressida* submits;

Pyrrhus to *Polyxena*; and to you,

The first of Men avows himself a Slave:

Great

6 *The RIVAL FATHER: or,*

Great *Agamemnon's* Difference with *Achilles*,
Proves he prefers the Lustre of your Charms,
To that Invulnerable Warrior's Aid.

Brif. Vain Contest ! he as well might combat
Fate :

Whate'er *Achilles* wishes, he commands ;
And she, who boasts the Glory of his Love,
Has nought but Scorn for all Mankind beside.
Well vers'd in Policy's mysterious Science,
Ulysses, fearing Discord 'twixt the Princes,
Fain wou'd have wrought me to conceal my Passion,
And wear a Shew of Love to *Agamemnon*;
But I disdain'd the mean Hypocrisy,
Nor robb'd my Hero of one tender Glance.

Phen. Such Constancy he can't too much repay ;
Nor will he sure refuse, when you entreat
For *Troy* and *Polyxena* — But she's here.
What new Complaint conducts her Steps this Way ?



S C E N E IV.

Briseïs, Phenicia, Polyxena, Ilione, with Attendants,
in Mourning.

Polyx. Wonder not, Madam ! Grief still clouds
my Brow :

Can I taste Joy, while *Troy*, and *Priam*, suffer ?
Convinc'd that Virtue in Distress, from you,
Finds sure Relief, again I come to ask it.
Too long destructive War lays waste this Land :
Too oft have Royal *Priam's* hoary Hairs
Been ting'd with th' Blood of his expiring Sons.
Troy is exhausted : Every Mother weeps ;
This sable Habit speaks what I have lost.
Ten Brothers in the Grave demand my Tears ;
I mourn *Antiphones*, *Lycaon*, *Mestor*,
Troilus — th' unhappy *Hector* I not mention :

The

The Death of ACHILLES.

7

The Honours just now shewn appease his Manes.
But what avail these Honours, or this Pomp,
When o'er our Heads impending Ruin hangs?
To-Morrow ends the Truce, and I shall soon
Have *Hecuba* and *Priam* to lament :
They never will survive the Loss of *Troy*.
Hector, it's last and sole Support, No more ;
Methinks I see it given up a Prey
To all-devouring Flames, and fatal Steel :
Our Palaces destroy'd ; our Heroes slaughter'd :
Horror surrounding us on ev'ry Side.
Oh, soften once again the Rage of *Greece* !
Entreat *Achilles*, and let Peace ensue.
See *Priam's* Daughter prostrate at your Feet ;
[*Kneels*;

For Him, and for her Country !

Bris. Ah ! 'tis too much.

Princess, with you, I share the Woes of *Troy* :
This Peace you ask, wants not my warmest Zeal ;
But to facilitate the grand Design,
Does *Priam* answer, *Paris* shall restore
To her wrong'd Husband's Arms, the *Spartan*
Queen ?

Till that be done, all Hopes for *Troy* are vain.

Polyx. *Paris's* fond Soul will never tamely yield her ;
But little will avail his *Private* Int'rest,
When *Public* Good's at stake, and pleads for
Succour.

If his unbated Passion mourns her Loss,
For so much Blood, Tears are but small Atone-
ment.

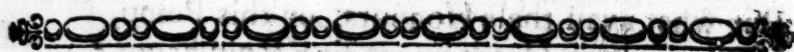
Bris. This Obstacle remov'd, the Peace depends
Wholly on you.

Polyx. On me !

Bris. *Pyrrhus* loves you :

Approve his Flame, Discord will cease to reign—
Behold him come ! —So soon, my Lord, return'd ?

S C E N E



SCENE V.

[Briseïs, Phenicia, Polyxena, Ilione, Pyrrhus,
Antilochus.

Pyrrh. *Ulysses*, Madam, tho' far gone in Age;
Remembers still the fond Desires of Youth :
Befriends my Love, and will assist your Cares.
Of this I have his Promise.

Polyx. Delusive Hope !

Pyrrh. Ah, Princess ! have you then forgot my
Passion ?

Polyx. No, Prince—your former Vows I still re-
tain.

The flatt'ring Prospect, that, by our Alliance,
Trojans and *Greeks* would henceforth meet as Friends,
Was precious to my Soul — Excuse me, Madam !

[To *Briseïs*.

A Flame, that had the Sanction of my Duty,
Without a Blush, may publickly be own'd. —
Yes, Prince ; your Love had the Esteem of *Priam* :
By his Command I authoriz'd your Hope ;
But midst that pleas'd Idea I reflect —

Hector's no more — *Achilles* is your — Father.

Pyrrh. 'Tis too severe to make my Birth a Crime !
Now, Madam, now, vouchsafe your promis'd Aid :

[To *Briseïs*.

Support a Love inviolably true !

Polyx. Grant it were so ; the Times, alas ! are
chang'd.

Brif. Such an Objection gives me little Pain :
She, who has once a Father's Choice approv'd,
Will easily a second Time obey.

As wise *Ulysses* not disdains Assistance,
Him I'll discourse, before I see *Achilles*.

Expect th' Accomplishment of both your Wishes.

Polyx.

The Death of ACHILLES.

3

Polyx. Mine are all center'd in my Country's
Good.

Procture a Peace, and save unguarded *Troy*,
I ask no more ; or if my plighted Hand
Can only be its Pledge, propose it, Madam ;
Tho' that's too much to answer to my Glory.

Bris. Doubt not my Cares for *Troy*—soon shall
you hear

How I succeed.

Pyrrh. Haste, gen'rous Madam!

Speak ! and forget not the Impatient *Pyrrhus* !
Raise to *Achilles*' View the various Pangs,
That wait on fierce Desire, and doubtful Hope,
By all the Fondness of your own soft Soul,
Pray ! press ! —

SCENE VI.

Polyxena, Pyrrhus.

Polyx. Know you, alas ! What 'tis you ask ?
Tremble, Prince, tremble at my hapless Name ;
Avoid the Fate of wretched *Polyxena* ;
Nor join a Party by the Gods forsak'n.
'Tis Crime enough, that *Priam* is my Father,
To draw their weightiest Wrath upon us Both.
My Hand's a fatal Present to bestow ;
And to demand, it will destroy the Peace,
And plunge unhappy *Troy* in greater Ills.
Reflect ! when first our Marriage was design'd,
The War had but begun her dreadful Ravage :
We then nor *Troilus* mourn'd, nor valiant *Hector* ;
But when the Nuptial Rites were thought most near,
Patroclus' Death once more against 'em arm'd
Your vengeful Sire : Both fell beneath his Force,
And the tremendous Scene of Blood brought back.

C

Pyrrh.

10 *The RIVAL FATHER; or,*

Pyrrh. What! when long-angry Heav'n vouch-
safes at last,

To look upon us with propitious Eye,
Shall Omens overthrow the destin'd Good?
This Flame, which once had Influence o'er your
Soul,

Ne'er was encourag'd by a Hope so just.

Briseïs, beauteous in her Mind, as Form,
Commands the stern *Achilles* with a Look:

Hector is satisfy'd: the wish'd-for Truce
Was first her Care; a lasting Peace will follow:

The King, your Father, favours my Desires;

Have I against Me only *Polyxena*?

Does she so little prize my faithful Love,
That vain Surmise shall triumph in its Fall?

Polyx. Wou'd to the Gods my too soft, fearful
Nature,

May put a wrong Construction on our Woes!

Appearance tells me they will soon have End:

All lend a kind Assistance to our Marriage;

Yet notwithstanding this, I think I dream

Of nought but purple Streams of *Trojan* Blood,

Running their Last, and bubbling up for Pity.

You know *Cassandra* has foretold my Fate:

I still retain the Horror of her Looks!

Scarce had she learnt your Passion was approv'd,

Than Ecchoing out the dread Event, she cry'd:

"Fly, *Polyxena*, fly that direful Race!

"Thou entertain'st, fond Maid! a fruitless Hope!

"To give thy Hand, is mingling with the Dead:

"This Sacrifice *Achilles* will prepare. —

Judge, *Pyrrhus*! then, if, after this sad Menace,

My Heart can be insensible of Grief;

Or to vain Terrors yields it self a Prey.

Pyrrh. Can wild *Cassandra's* Dreams your Soul
alarm?

Those rambling Flights of a distemper'd Brain,
By all so unbeliev'd, and scorn'd! — Can you

Ex-

The Death of ACHILLES.

11

Exchange your Judgment for Credulity? —

No! Make not frantick Prophecy the Cause,
That robs me of the Blessings I expect :

Say——Ah, rather say! the poor, unhappy *Pyrrhus*,
Do what he can, has not the Pow'r to please.

Polyx. Ah, *Pyrrhus* ! Do you thus requite my
Sufferings,

And turn their Anguish to a Female Weakness ?

If Fears excite these Conflicts in my Breast,

Can Death give any Pain where Love is wanting ?

Priam indeed has authoriz'd your Vows ;

But still I know not, if my yielding Heart

Did not, unbid, anticipate my Duty :

Or if, laid under opposite Restraints,

It had so soon obey'd a Father's Will.

This might suffice to justify my Passion ;

Yet——I'll say more, tho' Blushes ought to follow.

Hector, the Strength of *Troy*, the Dread of *Greece*,

You know I lov'd——That *Hector* now is dead.

I have bewail'd, and still bewail his Loss,

Till Grief's become an ordinary Tribute :

My Soul is conscious, that his cruel Foe

Deserves all Hate ; yet 'spite of what I feel,

When e'er my weeping Eyes behold him come,

I rather call to mind, he is your *Father*,

Than the *Destroyer* of my dearest *Brother* :

I suffer his Approach, and bind down Rage,

All to let you, *Pyrrhus*, triumph over me.——

If this ben't Love, instruct me how to love !

Pyrrh. Forgive the Rashness of a too nice Passion ;

Who truly love, are easily alarm'd.

To have you Mine only by formal Duty,

Repays by Halves Fidelity like Mine :

My jealous Heart, alas ! requires you all ;

And scorns to owe the Bliss to aught but Love.

Polyx. Too much you share it, since in vain
bestow'd :

The gawdy Shew your Hopes at present form,

Will soon change Face, and give you Cause to mourn;
 Whate'er we do, the Gods will still oppose us;
 'Twere Inconsistent with their Hate for Troy,
 Our Hands shou'd ever join in holy Marriage,
 Unless to load us with much heavier Woes:
 To see the Saffron Robe of *Hymen* turn'd
 From gorgeous Hue to melancholy Sable:
 His flaming Torch extinct, and th' unbless'd Pair—
 But I forget my self—lov'd Prince, Farewell!
 While my resistless Dread bespeaks these Ills,
 Your Presence fills me with redoubl'd Anguish.
 Mine is a dire, unheard-of, monstrous, Fate;
 But midst such Cruelty, let this console you,
 That if I die——I die entirely yours.



S C E N E VII.

Pyrrhus alone.

Pyrrh. Love! thou hast blest me with a lib'ral
 Hand,
 And giv'n me large Dominion o'er her Soul;
 But Oh, she sinks into her Sex's Frailty!

*As Towns, however fortify'd by Art,
 Have all, in some Degree, their weaker Part;
 So Minds, tho' guarded by superior Sense,
 Are oft surpris'd, and make but faint Defence,
 Attack'd by Superstition's fair Pretence.*

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Achilles, Alcimes.

Alcim. **W**H O, but *Achilles*, could subdue
Achilles?

This Triumph o'er your Rage, and
just Resentment,

Speaks more the Hero than your Deeds of Arms.
T'oblige your Foe, resign him up your Tent,
And raise a pompous Tomb for *Hector's* Ashes,
Are Proofs of the most elevated Virtue,
And seem reserv'd for your great Soul alone.
The mighty Work fills the whole Camp with
Wonder.

Achil. I must do more, *Alcimes*, for my Glory.
The *Trojans*, without *Hector*, can't resist :
Ready to vanquish, I will sue for Peace ;
And to exempt 'em from a mean Surrender,
Pity shall offer what they dare not ask.
At the repeated Instance of *Briseis*,
I made this Promise ; who, alas ! not knows
She buys their Safety with her own Undoing.

Alcim. What means my Lord ?

Achil. She has shew'd me *Polixena* !

Alcim. Love you that Princess ?

Achil. *Alcimes*, I adore her ;

Oh, hadst thou seen her, as I first beheld her !
Midst the most furious Transports of Revenge,
I found her prostrate, weeping at my Feet.
I strove to stand the Lightning of her Eyes ;
But soon her Tears disarm'd my trembling Fury :
Hate

14 *The RIVAL FATHER: or,*

Hate was extinguisht : all I knew was Love ;
 And had I follow'd where my Passion led,
 My self, in public View, had knelt, and pray'd. —
 Who wou'd unwrinkle Fortune's angry Brow,
 Must call lamenting Beauty to his Aid.
 The Corps of *Hector* was the Boon she ask'd :
 I had not Pow'r, alas ! to give it Life ;
 But since not that th' Immortal Gods cou'd do,
Troy saw the Victor mourn his own Success. —
Priam receiv'd me with Respect and Grandeur ;
 And in his Palace treated me as Master.
 This furnish'd a Pretence t'invite him hither,
 And feast my Eyes with *Polyxena's* Presence :
 The only Joy, that renders Sight a Blessing.

Alcim. The Pow'r of Love is great ; but yet my
 Lord —

Achil. I understand what 'tis thou mean'st, *Al-*
cimes :

I quit *Briseis* ; that thou think'st a Crime.
 'Tis true, she loves with such Excess of Passion,
 That the unlook'd-for Change must pierce her Soul.
 Well I foresee, and pity her Distress ;
 But somewhat sure is owing to my self :
 I conquer'd not to be my Captive's Slave.
 Let her give back my Vows, and in return,
 Her vanquish'd Realms again shall call her Queen. —
 A Throne, methinks, may recompence lost Tears.

Alcim. None cou'd more love a Friend than you
Patroclus :

Can you so soon then slight a Mistress' Charms ?
 Th' Example is but rare : 'tis hard to be
 A faithful Friend, and an inconstant Lover.

Achil. Friendship and Love from diff'rent Sources
 spring :

In Constancy, in Tendernefs, they differ.
 From well-weigh'd Reason Friendship takes its
 Birth,
 And stricter grows, the longer it's maintain'd ;

The Death of ACHILLES.

15

But *Love*, *Alcimes*, by a soft Surprise,
Invades th' unguarded Heart, and burns too fierce
Long to subsist, like Friendship's milder Glow.

Alcim. But won't the Blood of *Hector* spilt by you,
Obstruct the Passage to his Sister's Arms?

Achil. The Blow by which he fell, was giv'n by
Fate :

My guiltless Arm the Instrument alone.
She'll soon forget the melancholly Tale :
Will study nought but to augment my Glory ;
And all the sad Complaining of her Heart,
Convert to Raptures, when *Achilles* sues.

Alcim. That Name has all can be conceiv'd of
Greatness;

But we not always *love* what we *admire* :
A Heart that's vain less readily submits
To th' awful Hero, than the *whining* Lover.

Achil. My Nature needs not play that fawning
Part :

Her Looks confess she loves me as I am !
But there's a Task more difficult to come :
Pyrrhus, my Son, sees with his Father's Eyes,
The Charms of *Polixena* — E'en this Moment,
Briseis and *Ulysses* join'd t' entreat
My Sanction to compleat his Marriage with her.

Alcim. This Work indeed demands *Achilles* all !

Achil. Why did the too unjust and cruel Gods
Not send a Rival I cou'd truly hate?
His Blood had paid the Price of his Presumption !
Why does *Atrides* not dispute this Glory ?
His *Greeks*, all arm'd against me for the Combat,
Wou'd find my Heart incapable of Terror.—
But all my boasted Courage here forsakes me :
At *Pyrrhus*' Name alone, I tremble, am confounded ;
And 'midst the eager Longings of my Love,
The sad Idea of a Son's Distress,
Chills my whole Blood, and turns me into Coward.
Yet, why this Weakness ? He owes all to me ;

Is

Is it for me then to give up my Claim,
 Or to prefer his Quiet to my own?
 No— let him suffer, since it must be so:
 Thus to debate, is to offend the Fair:
 Pity and Reason cease at Thought of her;
 And all the *Father* to the *Lover* yields.

Pyrrhus may find his Cure in Time and Duty.

Alcim. These are prevailing Motives to recede,
 Were Love more grafted in him than it is.

Achil. No — he has seen th' Angelick Maid,
Alcimes!

Who once beholds her, is not free at Will.
 Has not *Achilles* seen her, and adores?
 Can *Pyrrhus* boast a Fortitude I want?
 Too sure he loves, and I have nought to hope;
 But that a cold Regard returns his Passion.
 I might be certain, did not idle Caution
 Of an imagin'd Ill, deter Enquiry.—
 What do I dread? *Pyrrhus* belov'd! Vain Fear!
 His only Merit's being sprung from me:
 The Voice of Fame ne'er swell'd with his Applause,
 No Trophies yet adorn his unskill'd Arms;
 And *Priam's* Court but knows him by the Name
 Of *Hector's* Pris'ner—Thus she saw him first.

Alcim. Compose yourself, my Lord, behold him here!



SCENE II.

Alcimes, Achilles, Pyrrhus.

Pyrrh. Thus, let me thank the best of Men and
 Fathers! [Kneels.]

Briseis tells me News of rapturous Sound:
 She says, you give Consent, that *Polyxena* —
 But here's a Tide of Joy o'erflows the Heart,
 And stops the Course of Words; too mean t'express
 The mighty Sense I have of your Indulgence.
 Yes, you must first conceive how vast my Love,
E'er

E'er you can judge how *Great* my *Obligation* !

Achil. I know the Pow'r, you've giv'n her o'er
your Soul ;

And since a Peace with *Troy* so much concerns you,
Will do, t'obtain it, more than I have promis'd.

You ought however to restrain Desire,
And prescribe Limits to o'er-rule Excess.

Assurance dwells not in the fairest Prospect ;

The worst of Ills a Lover has to fear,

Is oft the Sequel of too great Dependance.

Pyrrh. Why shou'd we dread the Ebb of *Priam's*
Pow'r,

When we condemn'd it in its highest Flow ?

What can you ask, that he will dare refuse ?

Will he, regardless of your vengeful Arm,

Affront my offer'd Hand, and give it back ?—

But were there room to question his Acceptance,

Wou'd *Polyxena* be less beautiful ?

In-prepossess'd, Great Sir ! by fair *Briſeis*,

I know not if, unmov'd, your self had gaz'd.

So sweet a Majesty ! such killing Graces

Rush on the ravish'd Sight !—

Achil. I own her Charms ;

But—

Pyrrh. But what, my Lord ?

Achil. *Greece* too demands my Cares ;

We must regard her Int'rest in th' Agreement.

Pyrrh. *Troy* not rejects the Measures we propose :
So *Polyxena* tells me.

Achil. Her Good she wishes ;

But may be ignorant of *Priam's* Thoughts.

Pyrrh. True Love, my Lord, has penetrating Eyes !

Achil. Are you then lov'd ?

Pyrrh. Her sympathizing Soul

Cou'd not behold my Sufferings without Pity :

Pity has introduc'd a softer Passion ;

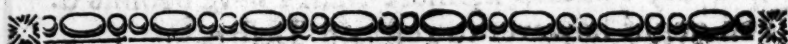
And, to compleat my Bliss, her Heart's all mine,

D

Achil.

Achil. Go, Prince! Enough you've told me you're
belov'd.

I shall see *Priam*— then expect to hear,
What *Troy* and Heav'n will suffer you to hope.



SCENE III.

Achilles, Alcimes.

Achil. Does he not say his Bliss is now compleat?
If that be so, of course I must be wretched:
The envious Gods have so contriv'd our Fates;
One can be *happy*, but by th'other's *Woe*.
Stifle, *Achilles*! so perverse a Passion—
Be guided by thy last Remains of Reason—
Cease to crave after *Polyxena's Heart*—
Love not designs that luscious Fruit for thee.
See, *Glory* warns thee not to play the Tyrant—
See, *Pyrrhus* pleading to preserve his Life—
See, wrong'd *Briseis* constant, tho' in Tears,
Waiting this Triumph to arrest their Course—
Remember the transporting Moments past—
Do they not well deserve thou shou'dst be Faithful?
Wilt thou, because *thou'rt sad*, make *others mourn*?
And ruin those, whom most thou ought'st to cherish?
Yet were this *Trojan Maid* by Love untouch'd,
And cou'd be mine— Already I relapse!
Help me, *Alcimes*! to subdue my Weakness:
I find it hard to keep the Road of *Glory*:
My stagg'ring *Virtue* needs the utmost Succour,
To break th' *Inchantment* of so sweet a Foe.

Alc. Nobly resolve, my Lord! strive with your
self—

The Gods themselves are always *Passion-Proof*,
You will do more than rival 'em t'o'ercome it.

Achil. *Alcimes*! all my Fate is in Extremes,
And takes a strange Variety of Turns.

When

The Death of ACHILLES.

19

When *Agamemnon* robb'd me of *Briseis*,
 Inflam'd with Rage, remorseless in my Tent,
 I saw the *Grecian* Troops in slaughter'd Shoals,
 Cumber the Field; and did for *Priam* more,
 By this Retreat, than all the Gods of *Troy*.
Patroclus dead, Revenge again grew warm,
 And what the *Trojans* suffer'd, you well know.
 Love triumphs now, and sheaths the angry Steel;
 Yet I have Wars more dreadful in my self:
 A ruin'd Mistress, and despairing Son,
 Combat against my Hopes— To both I owe
 What they desire: Nature speaks loud for *One*:
 'The *Other* has my Vows — How weak these Ties!
 When *Polyxena's* Image fills the Mind,
 The Heart too readily obeys the Senses;
 And Courage becomes useless to *Achilles*.—
 Let us be base then— Deaf to all Entreaty—
 Unfaithful— Perjur'd— since 'tis so ordain'd.
 Haste we to *Priam* without more Debate,
 And fix the Doom of *Troy* in this new Treaty.

[Going, sees *Brif.* and *Polyx.*

Briseis! ha! and *Polyxena* too!

Now, now, my Soul exert uncommon Strength;
 Nor in the wav'ring Ocean of Suspence,
 Again be plung'd— Mark, my *Alcimes*, mark,
 How gen'rous Confidence makes gay her Looks!
 Is it not monstrous to deceive that Trust?
 But then, with Eyes unprejudic'd, behold
 The matchless Sweetness of that lovely Mourner,
 And say — But they advance — Be hush'd my
 Troubles.



S C E N E IV.

Achilles, *Alcimes*, *Briseis*, *Polyxena*, *Phenicia*
 and *Ilione*.

Brif. The *Grecian* Chiefs, assembl'd in your Tent,
 With *Priam*, wait the Presence of *Achilles*.

D 2

E'er

E'er you then go, once more in the Behalf
Of *Troy* and *Pyrrhus* I presume t'entreat.
Let this approaching Interview conclude
Our Cares, and put an end to wasteful War!

Polyx. For all you've done, and all you are to do,
Accept the Tribute of a Virgin's Pray'rs.
Oh! may indulgent Heav'n your Labours crown:
Grant e'er you ask, and make you *blest*, as *Great*.
May Nature be obedient to your Call:
May Rivers stop their Course, and Mountains bow,
To let your Armies, unobstructed, pass.
May barren Lands grow fertile where you tread;
Nor the known World set limits to your Conquests.
May future Ages chant your mighty Name;
And Choirs of Gods immortalize the Sound.—
May this, and more, if possible betide you.

Achil. T'oblige the Fair, is Happiness enough.

Polyx. You then, who heard, when none vouchsaf'd
to hear;

You, who dispel the Clouds condens'd with Woe,
And make the Sun of Hope again shine forth,
Once more attend a too presuming Maid!
You know th' Advantages the War has giv'n you:
You know, alas! how *Priam* is reduc'd;
Nor are insensible, that most distress'd,
Great Minds are still most difficult to yield:
Oh, let not then the *Grecian* Pow'r exact
Too hard Conditions; nor like haughty Masters,
Treat the subjected Majesty of *Troy*!
His hoary Age can ill descend to sue,
Whose Youth was worship'd like the God of Day:
In Pow'r—In Glory—by none else excell'd.

Achil. Madam! I'm not to learn what's due to
Priam.

The Terms we ask, not wrong his Dignity;
Nor will, I hope, displease fair *Polyxena*.

The Death of ACHILLES.

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SCENE V.

Briseïs, Polyxena, Phenicia, Ilione.

Briseïs. Now, Princess! Joy shall triumph over Grief:

Achilles says it, and his Voice is Fate.

Lean Scarcity, fell Discord, wild Dismay,

With all the dire Attendants of the War,

Hence banish'd, shall infest more distant Climes.

The Peasant, driv'n from his lov'd, native Plains,

No more shall fear to till the unplow'd Land:

Ceres shall bless the Harvest with Increase,

And Neighb'ring Swains, with homely Mirth, give Thanks.

Commerce again shall rear her drooping Head;

Nor stoop to Nations she was wont to outdo.

From Port to Port each Bark secure shall ride;

The Merchant revel in his rich Profusion,

And ev'ry Tide shall be a Tide of Wealth.

The valiant Soldier, worn-out, tho' untir'd,

Shall meet the Recompence his Toils deserve;

And all he suffer'd in his Country's Cause,

Be sooth'd in the Recital of his Battles.

The weeping Mother, and the widow'd Wife,

Shall now forget the Losses they've sustain'd:

Enjoy the Living, and not mourn the Dead.

E'en *Hecuba* shall smile, and *Priam* taste

The Sweets attending unmolested Sway.

Polyx. These Blessings, Madam! long my Heart has yearn'd for;

And it were most ungrateful not to own,

They'll all be owing to your gen'rous Care:

But Grief has taken such Dominion here,

As not permits a Relish for Delight.

I blush to say, that aught of Doubt remains;
Yet know not whence that Doubt remaining springs!

Bris. Fires, when extinguish'd, leave a Smoak
behind;

So the Remembrance of your past Misfortunes,
Does still hang heavy on the sinking Spirits;
But soon will all these gloomy Vapours vanish
At the bright Day-break of rewarded Love:
Pyrrhus has faithful Passion to console,

And sprightly Gaiety to charm your Sorrows.

Polyx. Heav'n send your Observation may be just;
Yet I have heard of Fires reduc'd to Smoak,
And Smoak return'd to more destructive Flames.

Bris. When careless to put-out each lurking Spark,
This may befall; but——

Polyx. Then, let me cease to doubt.

Let me retire to Thought's most pure Recess,
And there indulge the rapturous Idea——

Let me behold my Country rising Fair;
Nor let it rival more that Prince's Virtues.

Teach me to love, as you have done *Achilles*!

Tell me, dear Madam! all its Pains——its Joys.

Bris. Yes, I have prov'd what 'tis his Power can do:
How vast his Pleasures! how severe his Torments!
But oh! the Theme's too mighty for Description:
The Joy of conqu'ring, where we wish to conquer;
The Transports of undoubted Constancy;
The Pangs of Parting; and the Hell of Absence,
Can only be conceiv'd by those who feel 'em;
And shame the fainter Energy of Words.

Polyx. May all the Heav'n of Love then be your
Lot,

And mine, when no perplexing, adverse, Cares
Shall dare molest the Softness of his Reign.

Pyrrhus will spare those Raptures of the Soul:
I must not too much sooth the tender Flame,
Till I shall know the dubious Fate of *Troy*:
What *Priam* has t'expect, and *Greece* demands.

Tell

The Death of ACHILLES.

23

Tell me, ye Lovers of your Country, tell;
Did you e'er Publick Good for Private sell?
Patriots are Guardian-Angels of a State;
Her Shield and Buckler 'gainst the Storms of Fate;
The Grand Machine, with skillful Hand, they steer,
Nor think of Ease, 'till she's exempt from Fear.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Pyrrhus, Antilochus.

Antil.  E S, my good Lord, Success has
crown'd your Hope:

Priam accepts our Terms; the
Treaty's sign'd;

And Peace, long wish'd-for Peace, now dawns upon us.

Pyrrh. What says my *Polixena* to the News?
Hast thou yet learnt?

Antil. How much this great Result
Warms her expecting Soul, I have not heard.
Only Report runs current thro' the Camp,
That *Helen*, by Agreement, is restor'd;
And that th' Assemblage of your Blood with *Priam's*,
Cements with *Troy* an everlasting Friendship.

Pyrrh. Twice blest Alliance, form'd by Heav'n alone,
I own, *Antilochus*, the glorious Hope
But weakly stemm'd the Doubts of *Polixena*.
After an Age of unallay'd Revenge;
After th' Indignity was shewn to *Hector*,
I see the Tempest in a Moment cease,
And warring Elements call back their Fury.
Who wou'd have thought so sudden a Reverse?

Antil. *Achilles* loves; and Love has wrought this
Wonder:

Briſeis still maintains unbounded Pow'r. Pyrrh.

24 *The RIVAL FATHER: or,*

Pyrrh. Pow'r shou'd be great, when lodg'd in
gen'rous Minds.
Whate'er of Happiness I taste in Life,
Briseïs gives it— Ah, my Lord! my Father!

S C E N E II.

*Pyrrhus, Antilochus, Achilles, Alcimes, and
Attendants.*

Pyrrh. How shall I now enough express my Joy?
Peace, and triumphant Love—

Achil. Peace is concluded;
And *Polyxena's* Hand, this setting Sun,
Confirms it in the King her Father's Presence.
They now prepare the Temple of *Apollo*
To celebrate the Gift with solemn Pomp;
But tho' your Love so press'd a League with *Troy*,
I fear it will not bring you much Content,
When you shall know the Price it is to cost.

Pyrrh. What Trouble, unforeseen, can be th'E-
vent?

Can *Polyxena* be too dearly bought?
Ah, no, my Lord! whate'er the *Trojans* ask,
Her Hand's a Blessing they can ne'er o'er-rate.

Achil. And that's mark'd out by Fate to be your
Curse:

The Hand you so much wish, must ne'er be yours.

Pyrrh. Must ne'er be mine! — ye Gods! What
says my Father?

Your Words must sure some other Meaning bear:
Did you not tell me *Polyxena's* Marriage
Confirm'd the Peace?

Achil. I tell it you again;
Yet while her Hand has Pow'r to spread this Calm,
Another must receive it—Not yourself.

Pyrrh.

Pyrrh. Another! —No, my Lord! it cannot be:
You only try to what Degree I love.

Did not the Great *Achilles* give me Birth?

Shall I then meanly to another yield?

Or, wou'd you tamely suffer an Affront,

That on our coming Race entails Dishonour?

Wou'd you behold me rival'd in the Prize?

Robb'd of my only Peace! my only Joy!

To Horrors nameless, numberless, a Prey!

Sunk in the deep Abyss of black Despair!

While pitying Strangers, as they pass'd, wou'd cry,

A Father's Cruelty has plung'd him there!

Oh! then by all the tender Ties of Nature—

Achil. Compassion, Prince, has greatly labour'd
for you:

I judge your Pains by what my self has felt;

But Motives, strong and unexpected, force me,

'Spite of your Int'rest, to espouse another's.

Troy had still groan'd beneath the Weight of War,

But for this Marriage, which deceives your Hopes.

Pyrrh. Deceives my Hopes! —and must I then
believe it?

No—*Helen*, *Patroclus*, *Brisëis*, join'd,

Have caus'd less Ills, than *Polyxena* shall.

By *Priam*'s Choice, and her own Love, made mine,

I not examine who wou'd rob me of her.

If *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Tydides*,

Not *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Tydides*,

Shall 'scape the Fury of an injur'd Lover.

Yes, to chastise my Rival's vain Attempt,

No Blood I'll spare; no Dignity revere:

All *Greece* shall, trembling, see the sad Effects,

And own that *Pyrrhus*' Love was Public Good.

Achil. Prince! you forget the Duties of your Place.

These wild Emotions, Prudence shou'd restrain,

Or take some other Witness than a Father.

Pyrrh. Your Son is ready to confess his Error:

But, Sir! remember what it is to love—

E

Think

Think you are both a *Lover* and a *Father*—
 Indulge my Transports—pity my Despair:
 Reason, alas! has little Pow'r to op'rate,
 Amidst a Torrent of contending Passions.
 Who sooner ought t' excuse 'em than yourself?
 Have I less Love, or more of Fortitude?
 Can I support the Loss of *Polyxena*,
 When, God-like as you are, you cou'd not brook
Briſeis thou'd be ravish'd from your Arms?
 Excess of Joy first threw me at your feet;
 Look on me now, oppress'd with equal Grief,
 And thus permit me to awak'n in you,
 All that can move you to reverse my Fate.
 In you alone it lies—turn not away,
 But listen to the Anguish of a Son.

Achil. You'll suffer, Prince, I own—the Cause
 is sad;

But what avails my Knowledge, or my Pity?
 What you intreat, I have not Pow'r to grant:
 'Twere to deceive you, to prolong your Hope.

Pyrrh. 'Tis well, my Lord! with Joy my Soul
 receives

The Sentence you pronounce—You gave me Life,
 And justly may you take it back—Command!
 Respect shall make me readily obey.

Of all but Woes bereft, to cease to be,
 Has nothing dreadful or unpleasing in it.—
 Yet I again declare, if sudden Death

Not snatches me away, whoe'er my Rival be,
 This Arm, this vengeful Arm, shall reach his Heart,
 Were he by all the Strength of *Greece* encompass'd.

Achil. Your Passion makes Excursions too un-
 bounded;

But disappointed Love gives some Pretence,
 So their unhelp'd Excess I once more pardon.
 Learn, ne'ertheless, that 'gainst your daring Rage,
 My self this menac'd Rival will protect;

And

The Death of ACHILLES. 27

And when your Hand prepares to pierce his Heart,
Thro' mine! rash Prince! thro' mine! you must
begin.



SCENE III.

Pyrrhus, Antilochus.

Pyrrh. Antilochus! What think'st thou now of
Pyrrhus?

Number up all the actual Ills of Life;
Employ the Fancy to discover more;
Thou'lt find 'em short of what I undergo.
'Tis not enough to steal away my Love—
'Tis not enough t'esponse the happy Plund'rer—
'Tis not enough that Nature wars with Nature—
I must be wrong'd, and suffer it like an Infant:
I'm thought undutiful to name Revenge.—
Speak then, dear Friend! alleviate my Affliction;
And when I can no more support the Weight,
Tell me of one, if possible, that's greater.

Antil. A most amazing Turn, indeed, my Lord!
Achilles glory in an Act inglorious!
Gainst you to take the Party of a Rival!
Scarce can I think I am awake, and hear!

Pyrrh. 'Tis Cruelty Incredible! Unequall'd!
Ought not a Father to be disobey'd,
When he renounces all Paternal Claim?
Shall I be guilty, if not his Protection
Shields the unjust Invader of my Right?
No—I will tear him from that boasted Refuge,
And teach him what it is to injure *Pyrrhus*.



SCENE IV.

Pyrrhus, Antilochus, Briseïs, Phenicia.

Bris. Well ! our Retreat's at last resolv'd ?

Pyrrh. Yes, Madam ;

But, lo ! the fatal Fruit of this Agreement :
The Confirmation costs me *Polyxena* !

Bris. Can *Priam* still then listen to his Hatred ?
Cannot the Homage of a Son erase
The Mem'ry of that Blood the Father spilt ?

Pyrrh. To whom this sad, and much unlook'd-for
Change

I must impute, as yet I am a Stranger ;
But this I too well know ; all Hope is vain :
Another takes my Place ; and ev'n *Achilles*
Consents to sacrifice me to a Rival.

Bris. *Achilles* take up Arms against a Son,
And set at nought his Promise made to me !
Who is this Rival ?

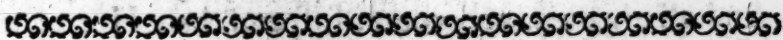
Pyrrh. His Name is still conceal'd ;
But vainly do they think to hide it from me :
'Tis *Agamemnon*, Madam ! — He lov'd you ;
And finding that Love dang'rous, fix'd his Eyes
On *Polyxena*'s Charms ; and gaz'd, till fir'd.
Achilles, pleas'd, encourag'd this new Flame,
Thinking 'twould calm that long, inveterate, Hate,
The Loss of you had sow'd between the Heroes.

Bris. If so, he cherishes an idle Hope :
Your Int'rest, Prince, I've made my own Concern ;
And rather than I'll suffer such Affront,
Shou'd War, in all its Fury, last for ever,
I'll break their Measures, and unhinge this Peace.
Achilles loves me, and I know my Pow'r !

Pyrrh. Ah, Madam ! No — Ill-treated as I am,
Let us not hurt the Peace — involve we not

The

The forrowing *Polyxena* in fresh Woes —
 My Soul shrinks back with Horror at the Thought!
 Besides, on Peace, your Happiness depends:
 Then, you're t' espouse the too unjust *Achilles*:
 Reason forbids you shou'd delay the Moment;
 Nor can I ask you longer from your States.—
 Go, Madam! go! and take the Name of Queen:
 Leave to myself the Care of my Revenge:
 I'll call my Coward Rival to Account;
 And wrest the ravish'd Treasure from his Arms.



S C E N E V.

Pyrrhus, Antilochus, Briseïs, Phenicia, Polyxena, Iliane.

Brif. Princess! What is't I hear? T'unnatural
 Force

Your Love a Prey?—My best Endeavours slighted!
Achilles, Priam, all against your *Pyrrhus*!

Polyx. These are Misfortunes, Madam, common
 to me:

While Heav'n permits me Being, they are certain.
 I am the Victim of the Peace I su'd for:

Priam has fix'd the Doom I cannot shun:

Both Duty, and my Country's Good, command.

Oh, happy! ever happy Sacrifice!

Cou'd that alone avert the threaten'd Storm;

But all my Reason staggers, is bewilder'd,

When I reflect, the Blow, to which I yield,

Rebounds on you, and the despairing *Pyrrhus*.

Pyrrh. Are you resolv'd then, Madam, on De-
 struction?

Can you embrace what's Fatal to us both?

Consider well what 'tis you are about,

E'er it be past the Reach of vain Recall.

If Love has set my Heart at any Value,

Think

Think what it is for ever ! to abjure it :
 Think what your own must feel, at once compell'd
 To change from *Love*, to *Hate* ; from *Hate*, to *Love*.
 Then, if nor Terror shocks, nor Pity moves,
Pyrrhus must cease to hope, despair, and die !

Polyx. I have consider'd with a tender Soul ;
 And I have felt the Pangs of deep Despair :
 Have felt enough to drive all Thought away !
 Love, Pity, Gratitude remonstrate strongly ;
 But, when just yielding to their pow'rful Calls,
 My Country's Woes rise dreadful to my View,
 And all my own, and yours, suspend their Horror :
 Nature presents me the distracting Image
 Of *Priam* Lifeless ! *Hecuba* expiring !
 Without Respect of Age, or Sex, or Rank,
 I see the *Greeks* exult in *Trojan* Blood,
 And *Ilium* wrapt in Flames—a blazing Ruin !
 If these are Ills must follow my Refusal,
 Say ! Is't a Crime in me to condescend ?

Brif. Hope better of the Gods ! your fearful Love
 Is only menac'd by unjust Constraint.
 No more give way to Grief : they'll ne'er permit
 A Treaty so inhuman to be binding.

Polyx. Well may I blush to let the Signs appear,
 When there's a Precedent so great before me.
 Your Fortitude up-braids my troubl'd Heart :
 I shou'd seem more resign'd at this new Loss.
 No Woes, no Wrongs, your Virtue can surprize :
 A small Effort in you surmounts 'em all.
 'Tis Glorious !—Had I pow'r to imitate,
 With equal Strength of Mind I'd bear my Lot,
 As you th' Inconstancy of false *Achilles*.

Brif. *Achilles* false !

Pyrrh. Madam !—*Achilles* Gods !

Brif. Inconstant ! said you, Princess ?—When ?—
 with whom ?

I want, yet dread, to know the monstrous Truth :
 Can there be Baseness in *Achilles*' Soul ?

The Death of ACHILLES. 31

Polyx. What ! does the Love of this Ingrate seem strange ?

Do you not know, that my poor Hand must pay
The Honours *Hector's* Body has receiv'd ?

In vain the Tears of *Hecuba* : In vain

The King, my Father, all amaz'd, confounded,
Refus'd the Sister to the Brother's Murd'rer :

In vain they urg'd the Rights of *Pyrrhus's* Passion :

No Peace ! no Treaty ! if I am not his.

By threat'ning *Troy*, he makes us too well know,
Achilles, suppliant, can speak as Master :

We yield, alas ! to Force ; resistless Force !

Bris. He then is base ; and I am more than
wretched ! —

Distracted ! tortur'd ! Whither shall I go ?

Where hide me ever from the sight of Man ?

Barb'rous ! Betraying, Man ! — Rocks, Caverns,
Wilds,

Some Desert yet untrac'd, now best become me ;

Where lonely Horror keeps her awful Court,

And Desolation fills the dread Expanse. —

How shou'd I think *Achilles* was perfidious ?

Has he not vow'd, and sworn, and sworn again,

Briséis was the only Joy, that Life cou'd give :

Dearer than Conquest, or the Pride of Blood,

Which from th' immortal Gods derives its Source ?

Can he, who glory'd to be chain'd by me ;

Thought his whole Soul too little to repay

The Tendernefs of mine : — Can he be false ?

Resolve to quit me ? — quit me for another ?

Abandon to Despair, and sad Disgrace,

Her, who has *Greece* for Witness of his Love ?

Her, who adores him ! — Fain, fain wou'd I doubt ;

But cruel Certainty removes it all.

Pyrrh. Ill Fortune now can heap no more upon
me :

Here she compleats her Triumph : I must suffer :

Suffer Incurable ! Ne'er-ending, Woes !

A Father is the Rival of a Son !
 His Blood can only gratify Resentment !
 Revenge, in common Ills, at least consoles :
 While there was hope to have my Wrongs redress'd,
 I felt not half the Pangs now rack my Soul.
 Oh ! why does Nature force me to be tame,
 As tho' with vulgar Eye I saw your Charms ?

Polyx. Both have a Plea to justify Complaint :
 Against you both the House of Heav'n seems bent :
 You share the Plagues of my infectious Fate ;
 Yet your Misfortunes are but Foils to mine.
 All dismal, full of Anguish, as they are,
 At least the Freedom of the Will remains :
 Your bleeding Hearts are not elsewhere subjected ;
 But when a tender, ever-pleasing, Passion
 Yields to the cruel Law of killing Duty.
 When Love is stiff'd, where it most wants vent,
 And doom'd t' embrace what most it wou'd avoid,
 All the most pregnant Fancy can invent,
 Is far, far short of this consummate Curse.—
 O *Troy* ! what is't I wou'd not bear for thee ?
 Pains still more exquisite I wou'd endure,
 Nor think my Country's Peace too dearly purchas'd.

Pyrrh. Ah, Madam ! tremble at a loath'd Embrace :

A Precipice of gnawing Discontents !
 Go to *Achilles*, and in strongest Colours,
 Paint the Variety of all our Woes—
 Rouze up the Father from his sleeping Glory—
 Touch him with Pity of a Son's Distress—
 Remind him 'tis the Hero's part to toil,
 More for the Good of others than himself—
 Avow your former Love—my Hopes from *Priam*—
 Tell him he asks, what is not your's to give—
 Bring back the flatt'ring Scenes, I late enjoy'd—
 Let him compare the present with the past—
 Beseech, remonstrate, threaten, weep and rave ;
 Nor quit his sight till you have overcome.

Bris.

Bris. Tho' Fierceness, such as his, small Hope allows,
Go, Princess! try what Pity can effect.
Fortune, you see, has soon chang'd Face between us:
You ask'd of me, what now I ask of you.
My Aim, alas! was founded on the Sand;
May yours, more firm, procure the wish'd Success.

Polyx. Once more I will essay what Tears can do:
They're potent Arms against a gen'rous Heart:
But if to Fame, and you, he still be deaf,
Something I'll do shall all your Ills repair:

S C E N E VI.

Pyrrhus, Antilocus, Briseïs, Phenicia.

Pyrrh. Ye Gods, that listen with a pitying Ear,
Inspire the gen'rous, truly pious, Maid!
Give her persuasive Softness to dissolve
Achilles' Heart, and form it to our purpose.

Bris. Seek we not, Prince, fair Prospects to de-
lude us:

Achilles is, and will be, still *Achilles*.
If aught can Hope retrieve, this very instant
See *Agamemnon*——I'll to sage *Ulysses*;
Both hearty in our Cause: th' Engagements made
'Twixt him, and *Ilium's* King, perhaps may take
An unexpected Turn.

Pyrrh. Madam! I go.
In desp'rate Ills all Remedies are try'd.

S C E N E VII.

Briseïs, Phenicia.

Phen. Madam! your Wrongs to After-Ages
known,

Will prove there's no such thing as Truth in Man!
Found you no Coolness in his late Behaviour?
No Symptoms of an alter'd, wav'ring, Heart?

Bris. Sincerity, that greatest, noblest, Virtue,
Alas!

'Alas! is fatal to the Breast it warms:
 Scorning Deceit, it's easily deceiv'd:
Achilles' swift Vicissitude from Hate:
 The sumptuous Tomb he rais'd for *Hector's* Body:
 The Honours paid to *Priam*, seem'd indeed,
 The Fruits of strong, complying, Love for me;
 But were all meant to favour *Polixena*.
 Was e'er abandon'd Woman's Case like mine?
 Myself to be the Ruin of myself!
 Myself t' extol the Features that undo me!
 Myself to make him listen to her Grievs!
 Myself to cause this dreadful Scene of Woes!
But I, like others of my Sex, was vain!
Nor thought a Rival's Pow'r cou'd give me Pain:
Despis'd the Danger of untasted Charms;
And push'd the bright Temptation to his Arms.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Achilles, Alcimes.

Alc.  Y Lord! ne'er Treaty caus'd more
 gen'ral Joy:
 The *Trojans* Acclamations reach the
 Camp:

They all participate the precious Good;
 And flock with envy'd Speed to thank the Gods,
Paris, alone, bewails his Loss—despairs!
Helen he cannot cease to love—This Peace
 To him is Death, because it takes away
 The Life of all his Wishes.

Achil. And our *Greeks*.

Alc. *Idomeneus, Diomede, Ulysses,*
 Commis'rate *Pyrrhus*, and condemn your Marriage;
 Tho' not oppose it—*Agamemnon*, charm'd
 Anew, indulges Hope; believes *Briseis*,

By you abandon'd, now entirely his ;
And well approves the advantageous Prospect.
A Calm throughout is spread.

Achil. What Happiness !

Cou'd my Disquiets also find a Calm !
Fain wou'd my Heart dwell wholly on the Bliss,
I haste t' enjoy in *Polyxena's* Arms ;
But *Pyrrhus* and *Briseïs* will be there :
By turns will rend it, when the curs'd Remorse
Of both their Ruin, glares me in the Face.
How galling is it to a noble Soul,
When Glory stoops, and is the Slave of Love !
How hard to bear ! What Horrors rack the Mind,
When one poor Charm damns all our former Deeds !
Th' unnatural Sacrifice I make is little :

She, for whose sake I ev'ry Tye renounce,
Contemns me, loaths me, yields but by Constraint.

Big with Reproach, methinks she thus exclaims :

" Think, Tyrant ! think ! how barbarous thou art

" T' abuse the Pow'r thou hast unjustly o'er me !

" While *Pyrrhus* lives, in spite of thy foul Force,

" This Heart shall recompence the Pangs he feels :

" My latest Breath be spent in Blessing him,

" And Cursing thee ! thou Bane of all our Hopes !

Alc. If 'tis a Crime by Violence to gain her,

You still, my Lord ! have time ———

Achil. No, my *Alcimes* !

Whate'er shall follow ; 'tis enough, I love,

Adore, and cannot, will not, live without her :

'Tis the immutable Decree of Fate. ———

The Gods have made my Body proof 'gainst Steel ;

Why did they leave my Heart unguarded, weak ;

The Sport of ev'ry idle, foolish, Passion ?

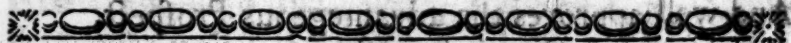
Alc. You must prepare, my Lord, for new Assaults :

The lovely Princess comes.

Achil. Oh ! how her Charms

Rise in their Lustre ev'ry time I gaze !

E'en Sullenness and Discontent become her.



SCENE II.

Achilles, Alcimes, Polyxena, Ilione.

Achil. Madam ! I read what passes in your Heart ;
Those Eyes unfold what ought to be conceal'd.

Achilles Love offends, is nauseous, hateful :

You are obedient to a Father's Will,

To save your Kindred ! Country !—and not me !

I wou'd fain spare you all these anxious Moments ;

But if you know yourself, you'll know I cannot.

To love you, 'tis enough that I have Eyes :

All that can charm the Sense, delight the Mind,

And kindle Passion, Heav'n has plac'd in you.

Nought can put out a Flame, so justly rais'd :

Shou'd the most frozen Coldness meet my Ardors,

I will be so assiduous, so respectful,

That you shall own I merit your Esteem ;

Or, may be, at the last, your fondest Love.

Polyx. You have th' Esteem, my Lord, of all the
World ;

And sure ! I ought to pay a double Portion,

As I lie under double Obligations ;

Yet, I must own, how high soe'er these Nuptials

Might swell a more deserving Virgin's Pride,

My Soul, astonish'd, shuns the destin'd Honour.

I will not say, to see your offer'd Hand,

Reminds me 'twas by that my Brother fell :

My Father, and my Country, make me silent ;

But can I equally erase the Thought,

That loving me, eclipses your own Glory ?

Briseis is the Mistress of your Vows :

All I've obtain'd from you, I owe to her ;

And shou'd I, yield t' abuse her gen'rous Aim,

'T wou'd be to join Ingratitude with Fraud.

Think, mighty Sir ! on you, with jealous Eyes,

The Universe attentively is fix'd !

Timely

The Death of ACHILLES.

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Timely reflect! Give it not room to say,
That *Hector's* Conqu'ror is himself subdu'd!
That lifted to the topmost Round of Fame,
He stoop'd to be unfaithful, and unjust!—
The Triumph may be difficult to gain:
'Tis then more worthy of the great *Achilles*;
And well will recompence the Pains it costs.

Achil. Th' Advice seems Friendly— Good—
Magnanimous;

But I perceive what Int'rest directs it:
This Caution for my Honour! for my Glory!
This Care to satisfy the jealous World,
Tho' kind in Shew, regard yourself alone!
You cannot bear Inconstancy in me;
Nor your sad Friend, *Briseis* to be wrong'd:
Because your Heart might then obey your Love,
And revel safely, when possess'd by *Pyrhus*.

Polyx. *Pyrhus*, 'tis true, has made Impressions
on me,

Too strong, too visible, to be conceal'd.
Nor do I blush to own the hapless Truth.
My Heart was tender, young, and un-ingag'd,
When *Priam* bad me not reject his Vows:
The Hope of Peace annex'd to this Command;
Cou'd I be otherwise than yielding-kind
To one, who stiles himself *Achilles' Son*?
A Name, that warrants ev'ry Stage of Glory;
Confirms the Hero; and leaves nought to Time.
Deserve I then Reproach because I lov'd,
When Int'rest, Honour, Duty, all combin'd
To raise the Inclination you wou'd stifle?

Achil. But you still love this Son; nor can your
Soul

Find aught in me to merit your Affection.

Polyx. Alas, my Lord! there's no account for
Love:

When he prevails, the Mind is wholly his:
The Faculties of Will and Reason lose their Force.

Think

38 *The RIVAL FATHER: or,*

Think you a Moment can suffice t' extinguish
A Flame so pure, so bright, so long maintain'd?
Can I at once exchange the sweet Extreme
Of tend'rest Love, for cold Indiff'rence?
Cou'd I foresee, imagine, you his Rival!
That you wou'd separate Hearts all join t' unite!
Two Virgin-Hearts, form'd only for each other!
No—I ne'er thought, nor think you yet so cruel:
You will consider better for us all:
You will reproach yourself with such Injustice:
Will tremble to reflect what fills——

Achil. No, Madam!

Had *Pyrrhus*' Love been authoriz'd by me;
I could not, would not have repeal'd that Grant;
My Heart was yours, unknowing his Pretensions;
And must be Sov'reign where it once has fix'd.
He, who adores you—he, whom you have lov'd,
And whom you love as yet, is doom'd to suffer:
'Tis vain t'expect I'll e'er resign your Hand.

Polyx. Well! Well! my Lord! I will forget
lov'd——

Do nought for him; but for yourself do all——
I will no more provoke your jealous Rage——
No more will ask Permission for a Love,
Alas! too flatt'ring for his Hopes, or mine.
Another had perhaps absolv'd this Crime;
But you condemn it, and it must be punish'd.
I will invent a Torture for us both:
Briseis loves, and well deserves your Faith:
Spare her the Pangs of Tenderness abus'd——
Spare your own Soul the Guilt of vile Deceit——
Spare the Remorse it will hereafter feel——
And from this Moment I renounce your Son.
Let him depart with you——divide our Loves——
At Distance let us mourn our luckless Fate——
I shall embrace my Lot with pious Pleasure,
If, by my Loss, I see my Country sav'd,
And *Priam* once more grace the *Trojan* Throne.

Achil.

The Death of ACHILLES.

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Achil. To listen to my Love, but to condemn it,
Is not the way to make your Father reign;
Nor will my Temper longer brook this Trifling
No Throne for him! no Safety for your Country!
If you not wed *Achilles* e'er To-morrow.
Consider, Madam! Th' Offer's not inglorious!

Polyx. Do then, Inhumane!—do—exceed the Gods!
Do more than all their Rigour e'er cou'd do!
Subdue a Mind, that never was subdu'd!
That noble Pride, which us'd to stand all Shocks,
Forsakes me now, and can resist no more.

Achil. Then, Madam! still retain that noble Pride;
And shew the World how much it yet can do!
This Night I go to wait you in the Temple:
You may—or may not—come—as suits you best:
I shall not, in the Justness of my Wrath,
Meanly entreat a Father's Power to force you:
A Heart, like your's, is far above Compulsion!—
This Arm, at least, is mine, and shall obey me:
E'er the Sun gilds yon lofty, destin'd, Spires,
You shall behold *Achilles* in a Posture,
Becomes him better, than this whining Love.
But then, when Fire and Sword shall lay all waste;
Cover your Ramparts with whole Piles of Slain;
And give your Soul the final Stroke of Horror,
To me impute not, what yourself has caus'd.

Polyx. What! Do'st thou play the Game of petty
Tyrants?

Do'st want a fair Pretence to cloke thy Crime?
No, Cruel! No——No Shadow of Excuse
I'll give thy Rage to act this direful Scene.
The Sacrifice thou ask'st, shall be prepar'd:
To shelter *Troy*, I'll go; I'll yield my Hand:
The rest I leave to the avenging Gods.
They know my Heart, with Tears of Blood has paid
For ev'ry Ill my sinking Country wails:
They know her Welfare took up all my Cares.
They know a Thousand Deaths are far less dreadful,
Than what I promise——what I must accomplish;

And

And in their Justice will remember all.
 They will repent to have permitted thee
 More Pow'r to hurt me, than their Thunder cou'd.
 They'll to the wrong'd *Briseïs* too give ear,
 And teach th' ungrateful, faithless, barb'rous Man,
 That tardy Punishment is most severe.—
 Then, glory, if thou canst, in what thou do'st!

SCENE III.

Achilles, Alcimes, Polyxena, Ilione, *Briseïs*,
 Phenicia.

: *Polyx.* Madam! I have no Comfort for your Heart—
 As yet, we shall not see an End of Woe—
 All's bent against us— See it in my Tears!

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### SCENE IV.

Achilles, Alcimes, *Briseïs*, Phenicia.

*Brif.* So I believe— 'tis vain t' expect aught else.  
 Thy Charter, Man! is to deceive the Sex—  
 In thee! Perfidiousness will ever reign:  
 It is the chief Ingredient of thy Soul;  
 And ev'n *Achilles* proves the Maxim true.  
 He can resolve, remorseless, my undoing:  
 A Passion, bearing but a few Days date,  
 Destroys at once an Age of boasted Pow'r.  
 This Change, tho' vile, in some might be excus'd:  
 Coldness, Disgust, Forgetfulness of Oaths,  
 Will be the Mode among our vulgar Lovers;  
 But when a Mind, rais'd far above its Species,  
 Makes wretched her, who only aims to bless;  
 Shews itself weak, unthankful, faithless, base;  
 Dead to all Sense of Honour, or of Pity;  
 It shocks Reflection, and belyes e'en Nature.

*Achil.*

*Achil.* Madam ! with Pleasure I preserve in Mind,  
That I have promis'd to secure your Glory :  
My Word is sacred, and it shall be kept.  
Your vacant Throne again you shall supply :  
*Pyrrhus* will strait attend you to your States :  
He has my Orders -- Please t'accept his Conduct.

*Bris.* *Pyrrhus* has Orders ! Gods ! how I'm reduc'd !

We must be gone : your Love will have it so :  
We are two hateful Objects — Innocent !  
You dread, with Reason, our too just Upbraidings :  
They wou'd imbitter your approaching Joys !  
To keep your Promise, and secure my Glory,  
Have you, Inhumane ! but a Throne to give me ?  
Were that the darling Passion of my Soul,  
Why heard I *Agamemnon* with Disdain ?  
Torn from your Hopes, I might have liv'd at Ease :  
One yielding Word had made me Queen of *Argos* :  
He waited not, like you, the slow Event  
Of undetermin'd War to give me Empire.

*Achilles'* Love, my unambitious Heart,  
Fondly prefer'd to the first Crown of *Greece* :  
For him I all refus'd, and he forsakes me.

*Achil.* I wou'd advise you to — but spare me,  
Madam !

The Name of Conqueror, allows some Privilege,  
And I'd be loth to part on angry Terms.

*Bris.* I understand you. — I must quit this Place,  
And not examine wherefore I'm thus treated ?  
Obedience is my Duty ! I'm your Captive ! —  
Tho' stabbing is that Name, it sounds less harsh,  
When spoke by me, than ev'n thought by you.  
Howe'er degrading you may think that State,  
This Captive, now so little worth Regard,  
A Thousand Times has seen her haughty Victor,  
Dissolv'd in low Submissions at her Feet :  
His natural Fierceness melted into Softness ;  
And all the *Warrior* in the *Lover* lost.

If then a Captive seems unworthy of you,  
 Remember when you lov'd me I was so.  
 Am I more *Mean*, because my *Faith* is prov'd?  
 Or, are you *Greater*, since become *Perfidious*?

*Achil.* Incroach not too much, Madam, on my  
 Temper;

For tho' I make Allowance for your Passion,  
 'Midst the Inquietudes perplex my Soul,  
 Reproaches, such as these, are out of season.  
 If I'm the Cause of some Anxieties,  
 What you complain of, costs me something too;  
 And after what I've done, 'tis little prudent  
 To irritate a Heart enough involv'd.

*Bris.* Ingrate! I find your Soul can feel Re-  
 morse!

*Briſeis*, whom you'd banish from your Mind,  
 Clad in the Ghastly Vesture of her Wrongs,  
 Alarms Remembrance, and destroys Content:  
 In spite of all you do, the Grief of *Pyrrhus*,  
 Threaten th' eternal Hell of conscious Guilt.  
 What can beguil'd Imagination offer,  
 To compensate these stinging Agitations?  
 I own, with you, the Charms of *Priam's* Daughter:  
 'Twas I, that gave you Arms against my self;  
 'Twas I, that brought her weeping to your Feet,  
 And join'd t'entreat the Ruin now before me.  
 As I began, I end; and my unshaken Love,  
 In all it does, consults but your own Good.  
 Since *Polyxena* charms you, I consent:  
 See her — address her with the tend'rest Homage:  
 Seek to engage her, as you are engag'd, —  
 Deserve her by those Ways a Lover shou'd;  
 And if belov'd, enjoy what Love can give.  
 Lost to all Hope, all Ease, wand'ring forlorn,  
 Far from your Eyes, I'll weep my wretched Fate,  
 And please my self to think I left you blest;  
 But if, transported by a blind Desire,  
 You sacrifice your Peace to her who *hates* you,

And



And fly the Sight of her, who loves, adores you:  
If you forsake me, but to be unhappy —

*Achil.* Madam, enough! Remonstrance is but  
vain:

I have resolv'd; and happy! or unhappy!  
This Night shall wed your Rival, *Polyxena*.  
If I'm to suffer so much from her Hate,  
Bewail my Troubles, when you hear there's Cause.

*Bris.* Go, then, and glory in the Name of Traytor!  
Encourage Perjury, and banish Truth!

Why did I hope to sooth a savage Heart?  
Did I not know it prides in nought but Fierceness?  
Did I not know thee head-strong in thy Will?

I might have summon'd all my Stock of Passion;  
Might have disclos'd to thy relentless Eyes,

Th' Abyss of Sorrows thou hast plung'd me in;  
Yet had'st thou been the same — obdurate! cruel!

No! — think not I'll descend so far to say,  
My *Woes* deserve, what *Love* wants Pow'r to do:

That perfect Love! which made me wholly thine.  
Oh, barb'rous Man! thou'lt never find elsewhere,

Sincerity so pure! so full of Fondness!  
Never — But see! already he contemns it!

He looks as tho' he'd say he wants it not —  
His Heart can answer for its Breach of Faith —

Betray me, -- quit me, and not feel Regret. —  
Well! Be it as thou lik'st; -- depart! be gone!

Compleat the Marriage, and the Sacrifice;  
But yet beware the Justice of the Gods!

*Achil.* Madam! —

*Bris.* Thou tyrannizest in thy Force,  
And think'st, that thou hast Right to do all Wrong;

But be not too secure, — thou may'st be humbl'd:  
Strong and invulnerable as thou art,

The Gods will not protect thee in thy Crimes:  
They can direct the Dart, where it may enter:

Where it may reach thy haughty, guilty Heart.  
Then! all confus'd, despairing, dying, see

Thy Pangs ! thy latest Gasps ! derided, — scorn'd  
By *Polyxena*, as by thee *Briseïs* !  
And scarce lamented by thy injur'd Son.



## SCENE V.

*Briseïs, Phenicia,*

*Bris.* Thou quitt'st me cruel ! Now, thou art confounded !

Half harden'd, fearful, criminal indeed !

Thou'st done the *Crime*, and can'st not bear the *Guilt* !

My Words pierce thro' thee ! stab thy very Soul !  
Thou can'st not bear 'em, — can'st not — Oh *Phenicia* !

To thee let me lay open all my Breast :

To thee display th' Immeasurable Woe

Of burning, bleeding, ill-requited Love ;

Of late Repentance, and enervate Rage,

Else will the blended Horror rise to Madness,

But what is Madness to that wretched State,

Which only seeks Relief in mean Complaint ?

*Phen.* Endeavour, Madam ! to assume the Queen :

*Achilles*, faithless, merits not your Tears.

Think but to reign ; — Let Empire be your Care ; —

Transfer your Love to make your Subjects blest. —

A vacant Throne is ready to receive you ; —

Your ravish'd States. —

*Bris.* Talk not to me of States !

Of 'Thrones, of Crowns, or most exalted Honours !

The World entire subjected to my Sway,

Is less than t'have Dominion o'er *Achilles*. —

No, — let us listen to what Fury dictates ;

Let us revenge us on the proud Disdainer ; —

To make him suffer, nothing let us spare ;

E'en *Polyxena* let us sacrifice ! —

Where.

*The Death of ACHILLES.* 45

Wherefore this sudden Trembling at the Thought?  
Have I an Ill, she has not caus'd? -- Alas!  
Tho' she has caus'd 'em, she enjoys 'em not:  
If I am wretched, she is doubly curst.

*Achilles* is the Tyrant of us both:

'Tis he must perish; -- He alone shou'd fall!

*Phen.* Yet were his Blood to wash away th' Offence,

Soon you'd regret the Justice of the Gods.

*Bris.* No, -- I renounce all Pity! all Forgiveness!

Vengeance is now the only Comfort left!

I'd rather see him *dead*, than see him false:

If he but lives for that, I'm hourly wretched;

Whereas his Death wou'd free me from that Curse,

And put him past the Pow'r of being another's. --

Or, let me see! -- Is't not yet worse than Death

To disappoint him in his warmest Wishes?

To snatch him from her Arms half folded in 'em?

Expecting one, to be depriv'd of both,

And made the Scorn of ev'ry private Talker?

It shall be so. -- Leave we no Means untry'd

With *Priam*, to prevent this fatal Marriage:

*And if the Project ripens to my Mind,  
I'll fly from him, and all the Tempting Kind.*



ACT





## ACT V. SCENE I.

Polyxena and Ilione.

*Polyx.* **L**Eave ! leave, *Ilione* ! these needless  
Cares :

This over-nice Formality of Dress :  
The Victim is, alas ! enough adorn'd.  
When to the fatal Blow the Neck

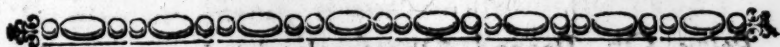
must bow,  
No matter how conducted to the Altar.  
I fear *Briseis* can't —

*Ilione.* I see but little Hope.  
She still solicits *Priam*, and sets forth,  
With all the Eloquence of moving Grief,  
The many Miseries attend this Marriage.  
He mourns th' unhappy Fate of you, and *Pyrhus* ;  
He sighs, and vain wou'd find out some Expedient ;  
But then *Alcimes*, from *Achilles*, tells him,  
His mighty Lord ! Impatient to be your's,  
Is hast'ning to the Temple ; where the People,  
Quitting the Ramparts, flock from ev'ry Part,  
To be Spectators of the pompous shew.

*Polyx.* Come, — let us go, — their Patience will  
be tir'd,  
As I'm of Life — they'll want to see a Pomp,  
Perhaps the'll not behold without some Tears :  
Perhaps to see this Dagger pierce my Heart,  
Will draw Compassion from the whole Assembly :  
What will become then ! of th' astonish'd *Trojans* ?  
*Ilione.* Oh ! What but total Ruin to us all ?  
Consider, Madam, thus to disappoint

*The Death of ACHILLES.* 47

The *Grecian Hero*, doubly wou'd inflame  
His Rage — But see! the dear, heroick Maid  
Is lost in Grief. — Ah, Princess! dry those Tears,—  
Be gay in Shew, at least, for all our Good. ---  
*Achilles* comes, proceeding to the Temple  
In solemn State — let him not see you weep!



S C E N E II.

*Polyxena, Ilione, Achilles, Alcimes, and Attendants.*

*Achil.* Still, Madam, bent on melancholly  
Thoughts!

Can you not take one Interval of Joy?  
Still have your Eyes the same disdainful Air?  
Still is my Presence hateful? — Be it so.—  
In vain th' unlov'd, by Love, attempt to please.  
Carry this gloomy Humour then to th' Altar;  
Let all the *Trojans* see with what Reluctance,  
Their Princess so much boasted of for Virtue,  
Stands between them, her Country, and Destruction.  
Or, if you list, e'en there refuse your Hand:

See how my *Greeks* will then receive th' Affront!

*Polyx.* Too well, inexorable Man! thou know'st  
How dear the *Trojans* are to *Polyxena*!

Them to redeem, have I not granted all?

Have I not promis'd? Must I not obey?

Is not my Doom irrevocably fix'd?

Is not my Royal Father now preparing

To yield me up my Country's Sacrifice?

Rob me not of the few remaining Moments,

Fate less severe than thee, does yet permit

To arm my Heart to bear the Shock with Patience.

*Achil.* You'd be alone, Madam! you have your  
Will, --

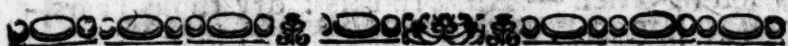
We leave you to your short-liv'd Privacy, --

Something to peevish Beauty is allow'd;

But

48      *The RIVAL FATHER: or,*

But if you make right use of Meditation,  
You cannot chuse a better Theme than Patience.



SCENE III.

*Polyxena, Ilione.*

*Polyx.* Oh, Peace! Oh, fatal, dearly purchas'd  
Peace,

If I endure a Life of one continu'd Death!  
If I must still preserve this wretched Being,  
To feed an ever-growing, ever-during Woe!



SCENE IV.

*Polyxena, Ilione, Pyrrhus.*

Ah Prince! Why come you in this cruel Moment?  
Will height'ning my Afflictions lessen your's?

*Pyrrh.* Oh, do not, *Polyxena*, think I come  
To aggravate thy Miseries! but my own.  
This Visit is the last, and may be pardon'd:  
The Thread of Hope is cut, -- cut thro' e'en Na-  
ture.

*Ulysses, Ajax, Hector*, spoke, persuaded?  
But spoke, persuaded, unregarded all.  
Th' irremediable Instant is at hand,  
Which gives you to *Achilles'* eager Arms.  
He's gone to th' Temple; -- gone where you must  
follow!

Is't then a Crime to see you e'er you go?  
E'er you are torn for ever -- ever -- from me?  
May I not gaze out Life's Remains, and pour  
All my whole Stock of Breath in Sighs before you?

*Polyx.* Tho' it be hard to die, I'd give you, Prince,  
A great Example of my Love, if *Troy*,

Depriv'd



Depriv'd of all Relief, but from my Hand,  
Did not forbid me to attempt my Life :  
'Tis she, my Country ! makes me undergo  
This Fate, more terrible than thousand Deaths.  
You blam'd my Fears, and call'd me Superstitious ;  
But now, Prince ! own *Cassandra's* dire Presage,  
In ev'ry Part, is fatally fulfill'd :

" To give my Hand, is mingling with the Dead !

" The Sacrifice *Achilles* does prepare.

The Oracle, tho' sad, at least declares  
I shall not, cannot, long survive this Hymen :  
That very soon your Soul will be releas'd  
From all the Anguish, Jealousy occasions.

*Pyrrh.* But then *Achilles* will have triumph'd o'er  
me !

Possess'd you, Madam ! — certainly possess'd you !  
And there will be my Curse ! a Curse will all  
The complicated Plagues of Hell surpass.  
Why did I only know the Sweets of Love,  
To make me less support it, when imbitter'd ?  
Why was I made to hope you wou'd be mine,  
And now must banish all Remembrance of you ?

*Polyx.* Do, Prince ! forget that you have ever  
lov'd me :

Let all the favourable Thoughts you've had,  
Be now converted to my little Worth :  
A Heart indifferent will best console you.

*Pyrrh.* Forget you ! Not retain you longer here !  
Injustice in Extreme ! — Madam ! I see  
You'll take this Prudent Counsel for your self ;  
And *Pyrrhus*, thus effac'd, will soon behold  
*Achilles* going to be blest indeed !

*Polyx.* If Death will bring him Blessings, you are  
Right.

The Law of Duty, too severe, exacts  
That former Love, however violent,  
Should all be stiff'd in the Nuptial State ;  
But both my Virtue, and my Heart revolt ;

H

And

And whom I still shall love, and whom shall hate,  
You know — I wou'd, and wou'd not speak much  
more;

Yet shou'd I say more than becomes my Glory,  
'Tis the last Error of my guilty Tongue.

*Pyrrh.* The last!

*Polyx.* Yes, Prince, the last — wou'd I enjoy  
The least Appearance of a Mind at Ease;

I must resolve to quit your Sight for ever:

Make, if you love me, the same Sacrifice:

Content your self to know my *inmost* Soul,

In just Attonement for your injur'd Love,

Is your's, and shall be so, till I'm no more.

Let then my *out-side* Shew, it appease my Honour,

Conceal, what I permit you to believe.

*Pyrrh.* To give a final Proof how much I love,

Madam, you say, I must be henceforth silent:

Tho' there be Torture in that Word — I will.

Your various Troubles past, may bounteous Heav'n

Its choicest Blessings show'r, unceasing, on you!

Reign! live happy! nay, if 'tis Requisite,

Tear from your Breast the Image of your *Pyrrhus*!

I yield — Remember not his wretched State!

For me, while Life supports this Head of Woe,

I swear my Soul no other shall adore;

And if the Gods, touch'd with so pure a Passion,

Will in the Grave permit me still to love,

My Spirit shall for ever dwell with you,

And seek no other Home! no other Bliss!

\*\*\*\*\*

## SCENE V.

Polyxena, Ilione, Pyrrhus, Briseis, Phenicia.

*Brif.* Prince! I have nought prevail'd — my  
Tears were vain —

The Int'rest of Troy bears all before it —

*Achilles*

*The Death of ACHILLES.* 51

*Achilles threatens* — *Priam bids you go!*

*Polys.* Name is no more — I'll hurry to Destruction —

I will not stay to measure our Misfortunes;  
Nor think; but launch at once into the Gulph.  
You, whom I've wrong'd — you, whom I love —

Farewell!

Farewell for ever! — you have ample Vengeance!



SCENE VI

*Pyrrhus, Briseis, Phenicia.*

*Pyrrh.* 'Tis done! 'tis past! — no more I  
must behold her!

No more these Eyes must feast upon her Charms:

My too, too, cruel Father seizes all.

Now, let me try to practise my new Lesson:

Forget her — speak not of her with a Sigh —

Nor say one tender Thing in her Behalf.

Oh, what is Life? — If I must come to this,

'Tis of no further Use. — Ah, Madam! say,

Did you not lately give me strong Assurance,

That once this Peace concluded, I was blest?

*Helen's* restor'd; yet I am more accurst!

*Briseis.* Go on, unhappy Prince! Accuse — Re-  
proach me —

Say it was I, who taught you first to suffer,

If that will comfort your afflicted Heart.

Yet poise our Woes, and give to each its Weight,

You'll find the heaviest Mis'ry will be mine.

Your Hope was built, but on my boasted Pow'r;

If you're deceiv'd, am not I doubly so?

If *Polixena's* lost, she loves you still;

But when *Achilles* falsifies his Vows,

'Tis to himself — himself — I owe the Wrong.



Where is the Law can justify this Change?  
Where is the Rack, that can enough revenge it?



### SCENE VII.

Pyrrhus, Briseïs, Phenicia, Antilochus.

*Antil.* My Lord! *Achilles* waiting in the Temple  
For *Polyxena's* Presence, and her Father's,  
The all-despairing *Paris*, with his *Trojans*,  
Rush'd in, regardless of that sacred Place,  
And suddenly attack'd your Royal Sire.  
They say th' Engagement's fierce—and so augments,  
That if the Gods refuse their speedy Succour,  
*Achilles* is himself in Danger.

*Bris.* In Danger!

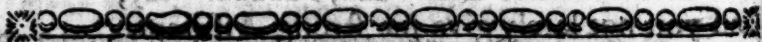
*Pyrrh.* Gods! *Achilles*—

*Bris.* His Life's at Stake.

*Pyrrh.* Madam, Adieu!

*Bris.* Go, Prince, where Honour, and your Du-  
ty call:

*Achilles* is in Danger, fly to guard him.



### SCENE VIII.

Phenicia, Briseïs.

*Phen.* Madam! you see that Love is but disguis'd  
By Hate. E'en now the Falshood of *Achilles*  
So fir'd your Rage, that common Deaths were  
thought

Too little to atone the Crime; and here,  
With great Impatience you cry-out for Help,  
The Moment you are told his Life's in peril.

*Bris.* What! if my Heart disdainfull of Affront,  
Consider'd Vengeance as its only Ease?

*The Death of ACHILLES.*

33

Of two Misfortunes, either worse than Death,  
We always chuse the one we have not prov'd.  
This made me wish Destruction might attend him ;  
But soon as th' Image strikes my frighted Vlew,  
And the last Blow's just ready to be giv'n,  
Be not surpris'd, if I repent my Rashness.  
In spite of all h'as done, I still am Woman !  
Full of the native Softness of my Sex.  
Forgiving Pity steals upon my Soul :  
I only hated him, because I lov'd :  
I see the Punishment ; the Guilt no more ;  
And trembling for his Life, can only think,  
What I must feel, when he lies dead before me.

*Phen.* But why shou'd *Paris* seem so formidable ?  
What fear you for *Achilles*, half divine ?  
Is he not Invulnerable ? What Dart ?  
What Javelin can have Pow'r to wound, tho' hurl'd  
By Arm, superior far in Strength and Valour,  
To that am'rous Youth's ? Did not *Nektor* fall ?  
Shall he contend then, and expect Success ?

*Brif.* I dare not trust to what the Gods have done :  
*Paris*, grown desp'rate, raving 'gainst the Peace,  
Pursues *Achilles* with invet'rate Hate.  
To fear his Death, is't not enough I love ?

S C E N E IX.

*Briseis, Phenicia, Alcimes.*

What Tidings ? say ! is *Pyrhus* at the Temple ?

*Alcim.* Some thirty Paces hence I met the Prince  
Hast'ning, with pious Zeal, to aid his Father ;  
But Heaven has render'd all Assistance useless,  
Deprest with Grief, he's gone to *Agamemnon*,  
And sent me hither to inform you, Madam !

Of what the Gods have just now brought upon us.

*Achilles*

*Achilles*, deem'd above th' Assaults of Fate; now

*Achilles*—

*Bris*. Well! What of *Achilles*?

*Alcim*. He's dead.

*Bris*. Dead!

*Alcim*. The Sacrilegious Deed was just committed,

As *Priam*, and his Daughter *Polycena*,

Approach'd the Temple—the Noise o' th' Tumult

Made 'em immediately repair to *Troy*.

Sad and confus'd, if yet they've any Hope,

'Tis all in *Pyrrhus*; tho' I scarce can think

His Honour, or his Duty will permit

His Father's Murd'rer should go unpunish'd.

No! No! *Alcides*! it can never be

*Achilles* lives—*Achilles*, Goddess born,

Defies the Spear, and mocks the pointed Dart.

*Alcim*. Yet from a Mortal he receiv'd his Death:

In one Part only he was vulnerable

*Paris* discover'd it, and aim'd aright.

Soon as the Traytor saw the Blood gush out,

"'Tis done! cry'd he, — the Steel has found a  
Passage!

"I am reveng'd! the Enemy of *Helen*,

Cannot let-fall one Drop of Blood, and live:

"'Tis so decreed—Since then he is no more,

"Tremble ye *Greeks*! now *Troy* disdains your  
Force!

"Come! let us there announce the glad some News.

This spoke, they all retreated from the Temple;

And those, remaining of *Achilles*' Train,

Were struck with such Amazement to behold

The Hero lie expiring at our Feet,

That we not ev'n a thought impede their Flight.

*Bris*. *Achilles* was like other Men then—Mortal!

Well, Barb'rous, well! at last thou'rt satisfy'd—

The Gods have listen'd to thy jealous Transports—

They have permitted Thee to see him dead—

Enjoy



Enjoy the Sweets of thy fulfill'd Revenge—  
 Insult th' Ungrateful, as he breathes his last—  
 Be Keen, as Northern Blasts, in thy Reproach—  
 Think of the perfect Happiness 'twill be  
 To see him never more, thou so much lov'dst—  
 Am I my self! ye Gods! *Achilles* dead!  
 Could they, *Pheneia*, suffer that *Achilles*—

*Phen.* Let not his Death, dear Madam! thus  
 disturb you,

Remember he was perjur'd and ungrateful:  
 Devoted all to *Polyxena's* Charms,  
 In open Violation of his Vows.

*Bris.* Yet were he living still I'd pardon all.  
 What, tho' another should engross his Love?  
 Shou'd I not see him? were not that enough?  
 Remorse for his Injustice and my Wrongs,  
 Perhaps wou'd make him share in my Distress:  
 Perhaps he'd suffer, when he saw me suffer.—  
 But said he nought, *Alcimes*, e'er he dy'd?

*Alcim.* Soon as the Treach'rous Blow was giv'n,  
 he fell,

And with a Look, diffusing Terror round,  
 Said he, reproaching th' Infamy of *Paris*,

"The Gods thought Thee! thou Ravisher of  
 "*Helen*!

"Fittest to execute a Work like this.

"We must submit to over-ruling Fate:

"I die—I feel Death climbing from my Wound:

"My Heart already trembles at his Pow'r.—

Here he began to falter in his Speech;

But seeing all the *Trojans* wing their Flight,

And none but *Greeks* remain, he turn'd about:

Fix'd stedfastly his hollow Eyes upon me,

And strove to mix his dead'ning Hand with mine:

Then spoke again—" *Alcimes*! Heav'n is Just:

"Thou see'st, said he, Death punishes my Crime:

"Sends Judgment on me for *Brisen's* Wrongs.

"Tell her 'twas Destiny, that made me False,

"And

" And guilty of a too—too—barb'rous Treatment—

" Tell her I leave her full of rend'ring Love;

" And only wish for Life to make Attonement.

" Tell her in Agonies I think upon her—

" Tell her there's nothing terrible in Death,

" But to have—

*Brif.* Hide! oh, hide the rest, *Alcimes!*

Let me not know *Achilles*, dying, mourn'd

*Briseis'* Fate—strike not the Shafts of Grief

Yet deeper in my bleeding, breaking Heart—

Say, rather say, that he was Base! Perfidious!

Unalterably Faithless to the last!

And left the World with this Regret alone,

That he was unbelov'd by *Polynæa*—

Gods! in the Moment he is lost for ever,

Must his Repentance dissipate my Rage,

And all my former Tenderness revive!—

No—I too easily believ'd my Fears:

He never wou'd have wedded *Polynæa*,

Ready to give his Hand, *Briseis'* Image

Had interpos'd, and snatch'd him from the Altar—

The fatal Charms, that led his Heart astray,

Had seem'd less bright; and Glory, Love, and

Truth,

Again had kindl'd in his Erring Soul.

Oh, to think this, is more than Sense can bear!

Let me at once shake-off this Load of Anguish!

Since he dy'd faithful, let me die for him!

But let me first Revenge what I bewail:

Pursue to Death the vile Assassin *Paris!*

Then, I shall see my Blood with Pleasure flow,

If spilt on th' Ashes of perfidious *Troy*—

Come, my *Phenicia!* in such Ills as these,

'Tis Loss of Time to use it in Complaints.

Let us to *Agamemnon*, promise, flatter;

Say any thing will stir him up to Vengeance:

My Death will soon release me from th' Engage-

ment,

And

**The Death of Achilles.** 57

And once more give me to *Achilles' Arms* ;  
Dear murder'd! Pitying! Penitent! *Achilles!*

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**SCENE X.**

*Alcimes.*

*Alcim.* Proudly presuming on the wond'rous Force  
Of *Stygian Water*, long *Achilles* stood,  
Braving the Arms of Men, and Pow'r of Heav'n ;  
But now the fatal Shaft has found its Way,  
And lo ! the Mighty Hero falls at last.

*Then, let the Great, Vain-glorious Man beware ;*  
*Nor the high-ruling Hand above him dare.*  
*Let not some Prosp'rous Tears his Pride elate ;*  
*Nor make him thoughtless of his Human State ;*  
*For though long seated on the Hill of Fame,*  
*And even Adoration paid his Name,*  
*A Blow undreaded, unforeseen, may fall,*  
*And into Nothing crush the boasted All.*

**F I N I S.**





# EPILOGUE,

Written by a Friend. Spoke by Mrs. *Elinor Haywood.*

**T**Here was a Time, old Authors tell us, when  
Women were Patriots as well as Men ;  
In every Action of their Lives, 'tis said,  
The Public Good ran always in their Head ;  
And oft this Zeal has urg'd 'em on so far,  
As to embroil their little Hands in War.  
But let our Heroines do whate'er they will,  
'Tis wiser far for Women to -- lie still.  
A modern Female wears no Sword upon her,  
A Fan's a fitter Weapon for her -- Honour.  
Many a one receives a Wound and -- dies,  
From a fair Hand skill'd in Fan-Exercise ;  
But such soft Arms as ours are hardly fitted,  
To furnish out a Fleet like that at -- Spithead,  
But yet, what proves the Patriot little less,  
Our Ladies show their -- Principles in -- Dress.  
In such Attire ye see 'em still appear,  
Their Country's Good's express'd in what they wear ;  
For whether they shine forth in stiff Brocade,  
Or foreign Silks, 'tis for the Sake of Trade ;  
If in the Produce of our English Loom,  
'Tis to promote our staple Trade at home.  
This is a better Way of doing good,  
Than that old Heathenish one of spilling Blood :  
Courage, as well as Virtue, oft-times fail one,  
Tho' fenc'd with Pettycoat of sew'nfold Whalebone.  
Let such as like it fight, but as for me,  
I'll stay at home, and fight in -- Ratafie.  
Wou'd it not be a strange unseemly Sight  
To see a File of Females in a Fight ?  
But give us Fiddles at a Ball, and then  
You'll find even Misses are a Match for Men.

To make our Hero more compleat and able ;  
In one Foot only he was vulnerable.

Ha !

Cou'd ye, Gallantes, withstand the Force of Steel,  
In every Part, excepting one, the Heel,  
How wou'd ye Helter-Skelter run to Battle,  
And dare, not dread, as now the Cannons Rattle.  
Is there a Beau, that wou'd not court the War  
To dress in Camp without a Spoil-Face Scar ?  
But thro' your Looks your Sentiments are seen,  
'Tis best, you think, to sleep in a whole Skin.

We have among us Ladies still, 'tis true :  
Ladies inspir'd with Trojan Spirits too ;  
But spread so thinly o'er this Peopled Land,  
One View alone presents 'em all at Hand.

Oh ! that our Author like his Hero shone,  
Expos'd to Fate in no Part but in one :  
Then might he scorn the Witlings of the Town,  
And bid them censure all but what's their own :  
His Play thro' future Ages should be read,  
When all his Criticks and their Works are dead.



To make our Hero more consistent and able;  
In one Foot only he was formidable.

Ho!  
Could ye Gallants, withstand the Force of Steel,  
In every Part, excepting out the Heel,  
Here would ye Hero-Slayer run to Battle,  
And dare, not dread, as near the Cannon Rattle,  
Is there a Man, that would not court the War,  
To dash in Camp without a Spoil-Face Scar?  
But now, ye men, look ye your Semiments are seen,  
The less, you think, to sleep in a riddle Skin.  
We have among us, Ladies still, the same;  
Ladies inspired with Trojan Spirit too;  
But please to think of our this Popled Land,  
One Hero alone presents, not all at hand.  
Oh! that our Hero, the Hero should be,  
Fought to the last, the last in me.



For many a Nation of the Town,  
And bid them, bid them, bid them,  
His Play the, bid them, bid them,  
When all his Critics, bid them, bid them.

U R D R T L A N E

[Faint, mostly illegible text and decorative elements at the bottom of the page, including horizontal lines and small floral motifs.]